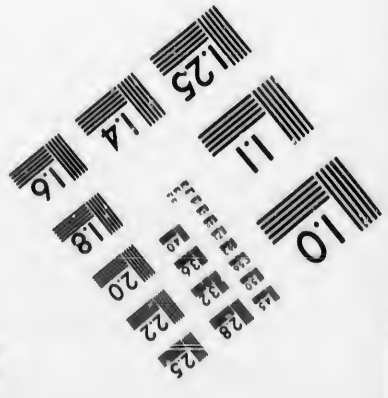
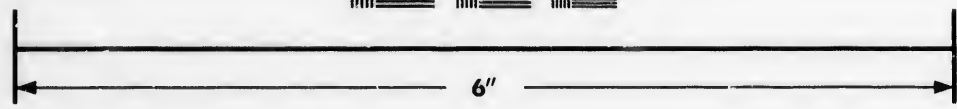
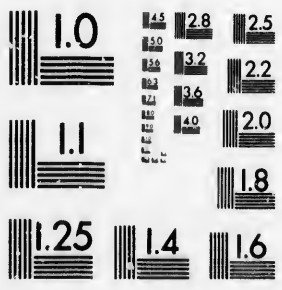


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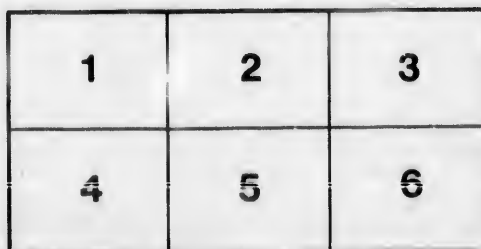
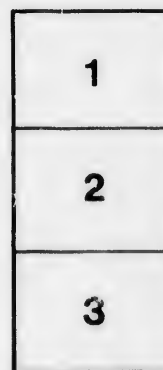
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THE
CONQUEST of CANADA;
OR THE
SIEGE OF QUEBEC.
AN
HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.
OF FIVE ACTS.

By GEORGE COCKINGS,

Author of WAR: An Heroic Poem; from the
taking of MINORCA by the FRENCH, to the
Reduction of MANILLA by the ENGLISH.
In TEN BOOKS.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR; and sold by J. COOKE, Book-
seller, at Shakespeare's head, in Pater-Noster-Row;
W. HAYSELL, Book and Printfeller, in Round-Court,
near St. Martin's Church, in the Strand; and the
Bookfellers in Town and Country.

Where also may be had,

The Fourth Edition of WAR: An Heroic Poem.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

M DCC LXVI.

THIS PLAY is entered in the Hall-
Book of the Company of STATIONERS;
so that whoever pirates it, shall be prose-
cuted according to Law.



To the P U B L I C.

ALTHOUGH the Undertaking is great and arduous, for a Person in my Situation of Life, unassisted, to dare attempt the sole Composition of a Tragedy ; yet I was incited to the Task, by ruminating on a rapid, and almost uninterrupted Series of Successes, in 1758, and the great and ever memorable Year of 1759, &c. the glorious Effects of the amicable and happy Union, which subsisted between our gallant Troops, and intrepid Tars ; who, with a true Spirit of martial Bravery and Emulation (never to be out-done, or equalled again, but by themselves) baffled, bore down, and triumphed over all hostile Opposition, in every Quarter of the Globe, both by Land and Sea, which the united Power and Policy of *France*, *Spain*, and their civilized and barbarous Friends and Allies, could possibly exert.

At first, I thought to have made one entire Dramatic Piece of it, through the whole Course of the War, so gloriously successful to *Great Britain*, beyond all Parallel ; rendering her terrible to the Nations around, and so effectually humbling to *France* ; totally destroying her Trade, baffling, and overcoming all her Armaments, both by Land and Sea ; that at length she could be scarcely said to

the Hall-
IONERS ;
oe profe-

make any Effort, deferving the Name of Refiftance. Had I proceeded according to the above Defign, I then intended to have named the Piece, *The Matchlefs Æra*. But when I came to reflect upon the Tranfactions in *North America*; the great and hazardous Siege of *Quebec*, feemed to ftand foremoft, and claim my chief Attention: For there, near 12,000 Veteran *French*, joined by *Canadians*, and many Savage Tribes, lay intrenched at the only Spot attackable; commanded by a bold, experienced, enterprifing, (and hitherto) fortunate General, *Monfieur de Montcalm*, and many other gallant Leaders, with all the Advantages of Art and Nature on their Side, to render their Situation formidable as poffible, to the moft intrepid Foe: Yet about 8000 of *Britannia's* Troops, affifted by her matchlefs Tars, led and animated by *Wolfe*, *Saunders*, *Monckton*, *Townfend*, *Holmes*, *Howe*, *Murray*, *Frafer*, and many other Leaders brave, laid Siege to that ftong and important Fortrefs, and Capital; carried on their feveral Attacks, with the Lofs of about 3000 killed and wounded; and at laft, on the famed Height of *Abraham*, with about 5000 Men, gained a complete Victory, and chaced, in a total Rout, to the Garrifon Walls, *French*, *Indians*, and *Canadians*! The glorious Confequence of which was, the Surrender of the City, and Garrifon of *Quebec*; and foon after, all *Canada* fubmitted to the victorious Troops of *Great Britain*. So great, and many, were the remarkable Tranfactions of that Siege, and fo much Worth,

Worth, and Bravery, was there displayed, I thought there needed no additional Aid of well-wrought Fiction, or fulsome Adulation, to render it worthy of a Dramatic Representation. I therefore resolv'd to send it forth into the World, dressed in the amiable Garb of impartial Verity, under the Title of *The Conquest of Canada : Or, The Siege of Quebec* ; and designed to adhere strictly to historical Facts, as much as a Dramatic Performance would allow. Not being conversant with the Stage, and consequently not well acquainted with the Rules of the Drama, as a Dramatic Writer, perhaps I may have greatly erred in the Composition of the Play, as to Time, Place, Circumstances, and many other minute Particulars, which the most judicious and nice Critics in antient Literature, may think a Work of this Kind deserves. But I write an Historical Tragedy ; and as an Historian, have endeavour'd to display, in the different Scenes, a Representation of real and genuine Facts, great in themselves, as any in our Times, and amply worthy of being registered in the Annals of Fame, as rival Actions of those Patriotic Deeds, of the so much admired antient *Greeks and Romans* ! We read with Pleasure and Admiration the Siege of *Calais*, *Aquileia*, *Addison's Cato*, and the gallant Defence of the *Thermopylaean Pass* ; where the Regal Patriot *Leonidas*, with his few chosen, and ever renowned *Spartans*, *Thebans*, and *Thespians*, nobly fell, in the Defence of their Country, its Privileges and Laws. Yet at these

these Places, none but *Gauls*, *Greeks*, and *Romans*, were the worthy Warriors, with whom we are so pleas'd. Whilst *Greece*, and *Rome*, boast their patriotic Warriors, slain in Defence of their Laws and Liberties, and *France* trumpets forth the noble and praise-worthy Resolutions of her Burghers at *Calais*, who only offered themselves at the Mercy of the *British* Royal Victor, to save their Countrymen, Friends, and Relations, from Ruin ; yet providentially escaped the threatened Fate, and lived very justly revered by their grateful Country.

I say, whilst all these States seem emulously to vie with each other for the greatest Honour in the Records of Patriotism, shall we be mute, nor give deserved Applause to these gallant Countrymen of ours, who to save Wives, Children, Lands and Laws, fought, bled, and dy'd in the glorious Cause of Freedom, and the Service of their Country, at *Louisbourg*, *Quebec*, &c. and shall we not enjoy a more exquisite Pleasure, when we read the Scenes, which display the victorious Intrepidity, warlike Worth, or glorious Deaths, not of *Greeks*, *Gauls*, and *Romans*, (as oft it happened, against rude, barbarous, or effeminated Troops, or at best if Disciplined ; not trained and armed like themselves, for offensive and defensive War ;) but of *Englishmen*, *Caledonians*, and *Hibernians*, who engaged against superior Numbers, like themselves civilized ; who had a constant Supply
from

To the P U B L I C.

v

from large Magazines, of all the destructive Implements of Death; train'd, arm'd, and equally disciplin'd in the Arts of War, and well skilled in every Manœuvre of the Field; and were immured in strong Fortresses, or advantageously intrenched; yet these they would often attack, and fired by patriotic Ardor, (with an Impetuosity not to be withstood) would rout from Trench to Trench, chase from Field to Field, and drive from Garrison to Garrison, these more numerous, well disciplined, and veteran Forces, till all Retreat was cut off, and submission became the only Resource they had left. Whilst the Nations around trembled at her Name, and dreaded the united Thunder-storm of her Terrene and Naval Warriors.

T H E

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

WOLFE,
LEONATUS,
BRITANNICUS, } Three *English* Generals.

First *Caledonian* CHIEF,
Second *Caledonian* CHIEF.

OCHTERLONY,
MACDONALD,
PEYTON, } Three Officers, in the Troops of
Great Britain.

MONTCALM,
LEVI,
BOUGAINVILLE, } Three *French* Generals.

W O M E N.

SOPHRONIA,
SOPHIA.

Land and Sea Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Nuns,
&c. The first Act in *England*, and during great
Part of the rest of the Play, in *America*, at
Quebec, and Places adjacent.



A C T I.

SOPHRONIA'S *House.*

S C E N E I.

SOPHRONIA and WOLFE.

SOPHRONIA.

WHEN you resolve to leave me?

T Wolfe. Madam, I do.—

Our sage and patriot Minister, on me
Has fix'd his Choice, to stand prime
Candidate

For Honour in this glorious Enterprize;
Our martial King (well pleas'd) gave his royal
Assent to that Choice, and Glory calls me forth.

Sophr. Have not those *British* Troops you've
train'd to War,

Giv'n ample Proof of Skill, and Courage, in
The Day of Battle, and by their Conduct,
Reflected Honour on you their former
Chier? And *Louisbourg* bore dreadful Witnesses,
To your impetuous and unhated
Fury in the Siege: Why then shou'd future
Fame ingross th' Attention of your Soul?

Wolfe. Those Troops you're pleas'd to hint at;
when they fought,

Were headed by another: Besides, it
Is too scant an Honour to shine by their
Reflection, and borrow Glory from those
Gallant Soldiers Deeds:—

At *Louisbourg*, I was not first in the

B

Command,

2 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Command, and cannot claim the foremost Rank
Of Fame: Then I only took a gentle
Sip of Honour's Cup, but was with-held by
Destiny from draining it, which like true
Lovers Kisses, (still raising new Desires,)
Has set my thirsty Soul in Flame for more!
And being Chief, I long to swallow down
Whole Draughts of Glory; like *Phillip's* conq'ring
Son, I'd bathe in Seas of Danger, brave all
The Horrors of the Fight, and with Eyes of
Warlike Jealousy, stand on the Watch for
Some advent'rous Deeds, worthy of my King,
My Country, and a *British* General.

Sopr. Forgive my Son a Mother's Fears:
I wou'd not check you in your full Career
To Glory, nor from my Country's Service
Willingly detain a brave and useful Leader.—
My Heart distends with secret Pride, and Joy
Maternal fills my Bosom, whene'er I (fear
Call you Son: But oh! (sad Thought!) I much
Th' impetuous Fury of your Soul, will
Greatly spur you on to Wounds, and Dangers,
And perhaps to Death:—

Oh! think what I must then endure!—
You have already gain'd great Honour;—
Be sedately brave, and cautiously
Intrepid;—repress the furious Ardor
Of your Mind;—be content;—and—

Wolfe. Madam, I guess your Speech;
You'd say, and stay at Home.—That cannot be.
Shall I, with a dull Tortoise Pace, set out
In Honour's Path, and at the slightest Touch
Of Danger, like him, shrink back into my
Shell? No!—let these Resemblances of Men,
Who outside wear the martial Garb, and seem
To look the Lion in their surly Port,
Yet bear within a tim'rous Deer-like Soul:

Let

Let such as these, (if such there are in Life)
 In grov'ling Sloth, receive their Country's Pay,
 Tremble at the Thought of Action! and when
 The Foe is nam'd, start! look aghast! and grow
 pale!

Th' animating Trumpets! th' Artill'ry's Roar!
 My Soldiers steady manly Looks! the Drums!
 The Fifes! and all the grand Apparatus
 For the War, have Charms for me, to rouse my
 Faculties, and kindle up an Ardor
 In my Soul, beyond what Speech can paint! or
 Any but a Warrior feel!—

Madam, I am resolv'd. (and take

Sopbr. Since you will go, come to my Arms,
 A Mother's Blessing. [*Embracing him.*]

Hear me All-sufficient Heav'n! inspire, and
 Guard my Son: Let him not seek Danger for
 The Sake of Danger, nor feel a Coward's
 Pang: Oh! give him Victory, and to my
 Arms, again restore the Darling of my Age.
 Now, go my Son:—Deserve a *Briton's* Name;—
 With Honour come;—or,——oh my fault'ring
 Tongue!

I would say, come not at all;—and yet a
 Mother's fond Anxiety, would make me
 Say, at any Rate return.— (Event;

Wolfe. Be pleas'd to wait with Patience this
 And during this intended Siege, I hope
 All Things will so concur together, that
 I shall at last return with Life and Honour.

Sopbr. Oh! direful Thought! in Battle fell'd,
 you may

Be trodden under Foot, in the Purple
 Stream, flowing from the Fountain of your Heart:
 Perhaps whilst bleeding, and ebbing Life but
 Tardily retreats from the weak shatter'd

[*Weeps.*]

Let

4 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Mansion, you may fall a Prey to some fell
Savages, who stand insultingly o'er
Departing Life, and add a racking Pang!
(A Pang!) more exquisite to manly Souls,
Than glorious Death cou'd e'er inflict.

[Leans on his Breast, as if to faint, but recovers
again.

Wolfe. Madam, I beg you'd calm th' Iniquitudes
Of your Soul, and grieve no more at Thoughts of
What may come to pass, but has no Certainty:
Yet be assur'd, whate'er shall hap, I'll bring
No Stain upon my Family, or my
Country; what Wounds I gain, shall be by me
Most honestly receiv'd, against my Front
Shall ev'ry Terror fly, and I will face
The hostile thund'ring Storm of Death, and if
I fall, I'll fall at least with Honour.

Sophr. At length my Resolution, and a warm
Regard for *Britain's* Welfare, seem to stand
Almost on an Equality with my
Maternal Fondness; and now th' intestine
Conflict in my Soul partly subsides:—
Oh! poignant Thought of deep Distress! shall I
E'er spur my Son to Battle, and to Death!
And yet, oh! keener Thought of Woe! shall I
Receive a Dastard to my Arms! and hear
My Country curse th' inglorious War he made!
Forbid it Heav'n!—avert it, oh—my Son,—
Another dear Embrace before we part;

[Embracing him, Weeping.

Perhaps to meet no more below.—

Oh! cruel War!—oh! dear bought Fame!—

Oh! wou'd'st thou court a gentler Mistress than
Rough Honour!—but 'tis the will of Fate, and
thine.

(calls;

Then go;—thy King commands;—thy Country
—Forget not thyself!—and guess the rest:

Wolfe.

Wolfe. You'd say return victorious; — at least
 come (Looks
 Home with Honour; — bring home no dastard
 To me: — Your Fears are just; — your Caution's
 good;

I'll not forget myself. — When in Danger
 Most extreme, I'll recollect the Glory
 Of my King, *Britannia's* Weal, and what should
 Be to ev'ry Soldier dearer than his
 Life, my own Honour is at Stake; with this
 Threelfold Recollection back'd, what horrid
 Shape can Death put on, to chill the Ardor
 Of my Heart, or shock my steady Soul?
 Who wou'd not fight in mighty George's Cause,
 When Mothers pray, and sigh a fond Applause!
 Madam, Farewell. — [Exit *Wolfe.*]

Sophronia sola.

Oh! 'tis hard indeed to root Affection
 Up in outward Show, and bid a Son go fight!
 None but a Mother knows the bitter Task,
 To quell the tender Yearnings of a Parent's
 Soul, and for a Son so full of manly
 Fortitude, and Patriotic Worth!
 If he returns victorious, I'm blest'd indeed! —
 If he falls, with him fall all my fond Hopes,
 And I am gloriously unhappy! — [Exit *Sophr.*]

S C E N E II.

SOPHIA'S Parlour.

Wolfe solus.

Now comes the Time to prove my Resolution;
 I'm wrapp'd in am'rous Doubt, mix'd with a sweet
 Perplexity! Love's fierce Desires inform
 My glowing Soul! the wish'd for Malady
 With ardent Tremor rolls thro' ev'ry vital Part!
 The sages surely have mistook,

And

6 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA : OR,

And Heav'n ordain'd that darling Sex, to rule
 Superior here below : How facile to
 Subdue they find our mighty boasted Reason !
 In ev'ry Glance a soft Inchantment's couch'd !
 And their pretty prattling Tongues are hung with
 An harmonious Magic !——

How potent when array'd with each killing Charm,
 Is all conq'ring Woman !——

The downy Fetters which she throws around
 The Heart, when first laid on scarce felt ; soon
 prove

More hard to break than Links of stubborn Steel.
 Be firm my Heart ; and let me not be drawn
 Like *Anthony*, by fond Desires, to quit
 Bright Honour's Chace ; but let me run resolv'd
 The Race of Glory.——

Now two great Passions struggle for Command ;
 'Twi'x Love, and Glory, I suspended stand :
 Born down by Beauty's Blaze, my Soul gives way,
 Like mollient Wax, in Sol's refulgent Ray :
 At Glory's Call, again abdur'd I grow,
 And *Cupid* flees before the martial Glow :
 Yet when return'd, I shall my Charmer meet,
 And lay new Laurels gain'd at *Sophia's* Feet ;
 Bright *Sophia* then shall here unrivall'd reign,
 And with one Smile, shall overpay my Pain. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

*Scene draws, and discovers WOLFE, and SOPHIA,
 sitting.*

Soph. Then I find, Sir, you prefer the Noise and
 Danger of the Battle, and Fatigues of
 A foreign Campaign, to the quiet Enjoyment
 Of your Friends in Safety in your native
 Country ?

Wolfe.

Wolfe. Madam, you already know my Sentiments:
Our Monarch, Good, and Gracious as he is,
In me reposes special Trust; in me,
Great-Britain, and her Patriots confide:
With Joy, my faithful sturdy Soldiers wait
To hail me General: No sluggish Thought
Shall ever harbour in my Breast, to cause
Me to recede from my firm Purpose.

Sophia. I think not of altering your Purpose
For the War; perhaps that would be a Task
Too hard:——

And yet methinks we might expect a more
Lasting Pleasure than we yet have had, in
Your Company, and Friendship, that we might
Add more Esteem, and heap new Favours on
The Man, whose Actions have render'd him so
Deserving.

Wolfe. By Honour spurr'd, and an emulating
Thirst for Fame, to stand inroll'd 'mongst *Britain's*
Worthies, I re-assume the martial Toil.——
Whilst all *Britannia's* Sons, are rous'd to Arms,
And burn with gen'rous Ardor to revenge,
And redress their Country's Wrongs; shall I sit
Tamely down, and dose a Life of Sloth away?

[*Wolfe and Sophia rising.*

Soph. Such Sir, has ever been your active Course
Of Life, and such your shining Deeds, they spread
A Blaze of Glory round, that pale Envy's
Self must keep a silent Distance, and with
Mute Indignation gnaw the galling Chain.
You're scarce return'd from *Louisbourg*, and yet
Seem longing for another Undertaking.
Has nothing Charms to stay you longer here?

Wolfe aside.] Such Charms!——the Fair! the
kind Enquirer has!

I scarce know how to flee their magic Pow'r!

[*To her.*] Tho' you are unconscious of the Blaze of
Charms

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SOPHIA,

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ent

Wolfe.

8 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,
Charms with which you're blest'd, yet I confess
their

Pow'r;— [*languishing.*] and in yourself alone,——
[*sighing.*] I'd seek the

Summit of terrestrial Joy: But now my
Honour is at Stake; that like a rich Gem
Inestimable; has ever been, and
Still shall be the prime Treasure of my Soul:
England has many Foes; I'll therefore strive
To merit more Esteem by future Deeds.

Soph. Whene'er new Actions shall bespeak more
Worth, and add new Honours to those you have
Already gain'd, I never shall be wanting
In my just Applause, nor fail to crown with
The deserv'd Esteem, a Man so worthy:
Your warlike Deeds, and all your brave Exploits,
We'll oft recount, and dwell with Pleasure on
The wond'rous Tale!——

Proceed as you've begun, and such Rewards,
With me, and mine, (replete with friendly Joy,)
Your grateful Country will bestow, as might
Satisfy the utmost Bounds of your Ambition.

[*Wolfe assuming a more sprightly, and pleasant
Air.*]

All my Ambition, Madam, centers in
Yourself: And I esteem my Honour well
Insur'd, and cannot doubt Success, since while
I range the savage Continent, Maiden
Innocence, will plead with kneeling Eloquence,
My Cause with Heav'n.——

Active as the rising Flame, my gladden'd
Soul transported! soars upon the Wings of
Exultation, sweetly reflecting on
My future Bliss!

Soph. Your Happiness I measure by the soft
Transports I enjoy: now shou'd I feel a
Sweet Foretaste of mutual Delight, did
Not Honour rival me, (at present,) in

Your

Your Esteem, and smile triumphant in the
Conquest she has made, mixing some jealous
Anxious Pangs with that o'erflowing Flood of Joy:

Wolfe. That Rival Mistress shortly must depart,
And you remain sole Charmer of my Soul.

No greater Joy has Fate in Store! since you
Are pleas'd to give me but a distant Hope!
To bid me conquer! and make my Fame your
Theme! and promise me you'll smile Applause on
Each praise worthy Deed!—

Sophia. Long wou'd I fain detain you here, and
with

Persuasive Kindness, strive to beguile your
Resolution for this foreign War: But
Being honour'd with the Royal Confidence,
And public Approbation, and drawn by
Glory's animating Call, I cannot
Wish you to relinquish that high Claim of
Honour which fires your Soul; may your guardian
Angel go forth with you to the Battle;
Avert each rapid Bullet as it flies;
And ward far off the mortal Steel: and oh!
May you return with Vict'ry crown'd, to bless
My longing Eyes again.—

Wolfe. Dear as you've ever been, this last kind
Speech

Makes you shine more amiable; rend'ring
You dearer to my Soul, by Sympathy
Of Sentiment.—Madam, I take my Leave:—*[Em-*
bracing her tenderly. [Embracing her a second Time.
Dear! dear Maid! Farewell!

*[Exit Wolfe, Sophia attends him to the Door;
looking eagerly after him.*

Sophia sola.

He's gone! *[Weeps.]* and yet he seem'd as if
about

To stay; and often backward cast such tender
Speaking Looks of sweet Distress, as if his
Soul had been upon the Wing to quit its

10 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,
Body, and fix its Habitation here.
The thrilling Eloquence so charm'd my Senfes,
I thought my Soul about to blend with his;
And such an unwonted pungent Pang he
Gave my Heart at parting! as if he there (some
Till then had grown; and thence was dragg'd by
Superior Force! [Exit Sophia.

S C E N E IV.

Portsmouth Point, or Beach.

Enter a Land and Sea Officer meeting.

Sea Off. Good Morrow t'ye, Sir: What News
is stirring?

Land Off. News, my Friend? I can tell thee
such a Piece

Of News, as once to hear it wou'd make a
Gouty Sinner leap for Joy! a Soldier
Leave his Wench! a Sailor leave his Flip! and
All France to tremble!

Sea Off. Then I'm sure 'tis warlike News:
Some new Expedition, some Siege, I hope;
For nought like that can make *Britannia's* Sons
Of Thunder leave their Wenches and their Flip;
And nothing better suited to make the
Monsieurs tremble.

Land Off. A Siege it is:
Our good old King has doom'd Quebec to fall;
Pitt longs to have an ampler Vengeance;
And *Wolfe* is nominated General:
Wolfe! at whose Name the *French* are Thunder-
struck!

Th' intrepid *Monckton* is the Second, and
The gallant *Townshend* Third in the Command:
Their Presence, (as the Sun gives Heat and Day
Light,) can warm each Soldier's Heart for Battle,
And spur an animated Army on
Full Speed to Glory.

Sea

Sea Off. But who's the Admiral for this Design?
I want to thrash their Jackets once again.

Land Off. I hear it is the gallant *Saunders*, and
Holmes the Second in Command.

Sea Off. Just as I wish'd:—I sail with *Saunders*;
He is a brave Commander, and will soon
Give a convincing Proof of it, on the
Frenchmen to their Cost.—

I think now *England* has pretty well paid
Herself for the Loss of *St. Phillip's*.— (and I,

Land Off. I think so too:—Yet between you
They met no effenc'd Jack-a-Dandys there;
The brave old *Blakeney* and his worthy few
Of vet'ran Troops, and newly landed Tars,
Were fierce as Lions, and fearless as Job's
War Horse. (might

Sea Off. There they got a Sample of what they
Expect, and since have had a full Measure
Of Vengeance pour'd out upon them.

Land Off. And more shall have, or I'm mistaken.

Sea Off. With what tumultuous Joy, the burn-
ing Scene

We saw! when sixscore Ships, with Ware-houses,
And Stores were wrapp'd in one fierce *British* Blaze,
Whilst with accustom'd Shouts we frighten'd *France!*
Mean while, *St. Maloes's* Thunder, silent as
The Grave, growl'd not the least Defiance, as
If well pleas'd with *Marlb'rough's* Vengeance.

Land Off. Their Troubles, Fears, and Losses,
only then began. (Sport!

Sea Off. Right Brother Officer! 'twas glorious
Where princely *Edward* fought on hostile Ground;
And where the gallant *Howe*, and *Bligh* engag'd;
(And once more bore Destruction to proud *France* :)
To see at *Edward's* Feet, their stubborn Ramparts
Kiss the Ground! their empty plunder'd Royal
Stores, and Magazines, in Flames! and then to
Crown the Scene, to see the subterraneous

Ruin rise, and all disjointed fling their
Cherbourg's costly Balon in the Air!

Land Off. These were Sights worth seeing!

Sea Off. Then to sail along their Coasts, with
Osborne, (and

Gard'ner, Hawke, and Howe; to take th' *Orphee,*

The more dreadful *Foudroyant!* (changing the

Expedition of *Du Quesne,* to *Britain's*

Shore, instead of *Louisbourg,*) driving their

Fleets into neutral Harbours, locking up

Their Ports, and stagnating all their Trade! then

To go with *Rodney,* and overturn all

Their flat bottom'd War! to break their fine spun

Project of Invasion, and ramm their Schemes

Down their Throats wrapp'd up in Smoke!

Land Off. This Sport was chiefly on the Element,

Where you Sailors were the best Actors, and

We Soldiers had but little Hand in it:

But we handled them a little roughly

At *Senegal,* and many other Places

Of the Torid Zone; where, with resifless

Fury, *Watson, Sayer, Barrington, Marsh,*

Mason, Moore, and Draper, with other bold

Commanders, swept all before them, in a

Deluge of repeated Victories!

Sea Off. And amongst the rest, *Keppel,* in a Storm
 Of Thunder, beat *Goree* to the Ground.

And as if the *French* hadn't had Loss and Griefs

Enough, how bold *Boscawen* maul'd *De Clue!*

Scatt'ring his Fleet, and driving some on Shore,

Taking, burning, sinking, at his Pleasure!

And then it was, the *French* Ocean, by the

Hardy *De la Clue* commanded, tumbled

On the Shore to shun *Boscawen's* Rage, and

Was lick'd up by *English* Flame!

Land Off. And still to add to *England's* Glory, and
 Their Shame, to seize upon *Cape Breton's* Isle.

Oh!

Oh! hadst thou seen that Siege! it wou'd have
serv'd

Thee for an Age to come, whilst passing round
The flowing Can, to tell thy Friends the Tale.
Thus wou'dst thou say, envelop'd in a Cloud
Of sulph'rous Smoke, which broke in Thunder
from

The *British* Fleet; with *British* Thunderbolts well
Stor'd; and thro' a mortal Show'r of Shot, and
Shells, and leaden Deaths, from Cannons, Mortars,
And *French* Entrenchments sent, *Amberst*, and
Wolfe,

Sedately warm'd, and most serenely bold,
(As if their Presence Victory insur'd,)
With *Britain's* Troops, plung'd into the Flood, to
Ravish mighty Fate! to bid Destruction
Defiance! and outface the grim King of Terrors!

Sea Off. There *England's* Troops and Tars were
nobly try'd;

And there the *Frenchmen* learnt, how terrible
We are, when rushing on in dread Union,
Thirsting after Fame, and eager for the Battle.

Land Off. The Disposition for the Siege was a
Most glorious Toil: each Soldier, and each
Sailor, strove t'outdo each other:—

Our Cannons, Mortars, Cohorns, bellow'd loud
Against the Place; Defiance thunder'd from
The Forts of *France*; that like Mount *Etna*, and
Vesuvius, in convulsive Rage, both Parties fought.
Full against the Town, and Grand Fort, *Amberst*
Bent his Fury; whilst *Wolfe* attack'd, and sunk,
And burnt their Ships, o'eturn'd the Thunder of
Their Island Fort, and from the Base tore up
Their Ramparts! battering the Front before
His Storm headlong into the Sea! and now,
'Gainst *Dauphin* Gate, his brazen Engines yawn'd,
Pregnant with Destruction, *Drucour*, amaz'd!
For Parley call'd, and gave up *Louisbourg*.

Sea Off. 'Twas high Time to give it up; else
Hardy,

And *Boscawen*, wou'd soon have made the Place
Too hot for him, and from their double Tiers
Have sent him such a furly Summons, as
Wou'd have puzzled him, and nonplu'd all his
Troops, e'er they could recollect themselves, to
Remit them a Reply of equal Weight.

But my worthy Friend, you forgot, or else
Omitted one great Transaction of the
Siege; the Ships, the Ships, the Boats took.

Land Off. Right: I had forgot indeed:
One Night, the Fleet's Boats, under the Command
Of the bold *Balfour*, and *Laforey*, row'd
Into the Harbour of *Louisbourg*, and
Amidst all the Terrors of a gloomy Night,
In an unfriendly Port, thro' a random
Storm of Death, and under Cover of their
Garrison, they bravely boarded, and took
Possession of two Men of War at once,
A sixty, and a Seventy-four Gun Ship!
They burnt *Le Prudent*, (which stuck a-ground,)
And from the Harbour tow'd *Le Bienfaçant*
Away!

Sea Off. We generally go through with what we
Take in Hand.

Land Off. A few Words more before we part.
I wonder what possess'd the *French* Nation
To kindle up afresh the Flames of War,
Or after kindling them, still to carry
On the War, whilst *Old England* own'd a *Pitt*;
And for their Terror on the Land, a *Wolfe*,
An *Amberst*, and a *Granby*, a *Johnson*,
Williams, *Foy*, *Phillips*, *Drummond*, and *Macbean*;
A *Frazer*, *Clive*, *Coote*, a *Townshend*, *Elliot*,
And a *Murray*: With such a num'rous List
Besides of Worthies, in the triple Union
Of *England*, that when all fam'd *Homer's* boasted
Warriors

Warriors are compar'd with them, they seem a
 Few, each of them an equal to *Hector*,
 And a Rival to fierce Mars. (a *Howe*,
Sea Off. And for their Scourge at Sea, a *Hawke*,
A Saunders, a *Pocock*, and *Bojcowen*;
A Gilchrist, *Clements*, *Elliot*, and *Logie*;
A Keppel, *Rodney*, *Lockbart*, *Tyrrel*, *Forrest*;
A Hardy, *Holmes*, a *Langdon*, and a *Suckling* :
 With hundreds more, all hardy Tars and good
 Commanders brav, each of whose Names wou'd
 found

In a *Frenchman's* Ears, like to a Clap of
 Thunder!

[*Going off.*] We've whole Fleets mann'd with
 brave Fellows, [*Exit.*

Land Off. [*Going off.*] Whole Reg'ments of
 Heroes! [*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

Scene draws, and discovers JACK RATLIN, NED
 FORECASTLE, and JEMMY CHAUNTER, with
several other Sailors, in a drinking House.

NED taking up the Mug, or Bowl.

Come here's Success to Admiral *Saunders*,
 And Admiral *Holmes*, and to our own Ship's Crew;
 They're a Parcel of as good Fellows as
 Ever went between Stem and Stern of a Ship.

[*Drinks.*

Jack Ratl. But now I think on't, give us that
 new Song,

Jemmy Chaunter, that you got t'other Day :
 I like it *Ned.*

[*Turning to Ned.*

Ned. Is it about Fighting? If 'tis, let's have it.

[*Jemmy rising.*] With all my Heart, Brothers.

[*All rising.*

Come

I.

Come on my brave Tars ! let's away to the Wars,
 To the Siege of *Quebec* let's advance ;
 Our Anchor's a Trip, let's away to the Ship,
 And bellow Defiance to *France*.

Brave Boys, &c.

II.

We'll spread ev'ry Sail, with a prosperous Gale,
 Thro' the Kingdom of *Neptune* we'll roam :
 If we meet the *French* Fleet, in Thunder we'll greet,
 We'll take 'em, or drive 'em all Home.

Brave Boys, &c.

III.

If they dare to engage, and meet *British* Rage,
 We'll bear closely down to the Fight ;
 Yard Arm and Yard Arm, their Jackets we'll warm,
 For that is the *Britons* Delight.

Brave Boys, &c.

IV.

When the Fight is begun, left away they shou'd run,
 Our Grapples shall hold us together ; (strike,
 'Tis a Sport they don't like, we'll soon make 'em
 And straightway bear down to another.

Brave Boys, &c.

V.

We'll range to 'em close, and a terrible Dose,
 For a Sample, we'll send the *Monsieurs* ;
 If the Fight does not end, then another we'll send,
 From both of our Thundering Tiers !

Brave Boys, &c.

VI.

On their Quarters we'll board, with Pike, Pistols,
 and Sword ;
Hawke like we will pounce on our Prey ;
 We'll make them our own, and their Flags we'll
 haul down,
 For *George* shall be Sovereign at Sea.

Brave Boys, &c.

When

VII.

When our Thunder shall break, o'er the Walls of
Quebec, (ye;
 Monsieurs! your strong Ramparts shan't save
 Your Heads shall all droop! and your Walls shall
 all stoop!

When shook by the Sons of the Navy!
Brave Boys, &c.

VIII.

Tho' your Tow'rs shou'd arise, o'er the Clouds
 in the Skies,
 Let *Saunders* but say that we must
 Pluck 'em up to the Base, each Fortrefs we'll raze,
 And trample your Pride in the Dust!

Brave Boys, &c.

XI.

When we Tars shall unite, with our Troops in the
 Fight,
 And emulous Jealousy calls,
 As Hurricanes sweep, thro' the Land, and the Deep,
 We'll sweep to Destruction the *Gauls*!

Brave Boys, &c.

[*Exeunt omnes, huzzaing.*

THE END OF ACT. I.

D

ACT.



A C T II.

POINT LEVI, *opposite Quebec in America.*

S C E N E I.

WOLFE, LEONATUS and BRITANNICUS,
in a Tent.

WOLFE.

GOOD Providence our Purpose seems to
 back : (may
 Thus far with little Loss advanc'd, we
 Expect Success will crown the Enterprize :
 Join'd by Provincial Troops, both *Orleans*,
 And *Point Levi*, well secur'd ; and as our
 Fleet is anchor'd in the River ; and forms
 A floating Bulwark 'twixt this, and *Montmorenci* ;
 We've little Need to fear a Visit from
 Our Enemies : Our next Attempt must be
 To bring them to a Battle.

Leonatus. And that a glorious toilsome Battle too!—
 Their Troops out-number ours by far : Strong are
 Their Entrenchments, brave and experienc'd
 Are their Generals, and other Leaders :
 A rough steep Ascent leads to their Trenches !
 Rugged, fierce, and cruel, are their Savages :
 Regulars, and Veterans, are their Soldiers :
 But ours I know will stand the Test, we'll have
 A mortal Struggle with them ! and tug in
 Earnest for the Conquest !

Britannicus.

Britannicus. I hope the wish'd-for Day is near
at Hand,

When we shall meet them in the Field, and put
To noble Proof, their boasted veteran
Thousands, and all their scalping Bands, and prove
We have *Britannia's* Welfare at our Hearts!

Wolfe. These Resolutions I approve.

We came here to purchase warlike Honour;
To fight and conquer, or like *Britons* fall;
And not to tell the dastard Tale at Home,
We durst not see our Foes.

[*Enter a Serjeant, addressing himself to Wolfe.*]

Sir, the Officer, and Drum, are both return'd,
you sent

To summon the Town and Garrison of *Quebec*,
Wolfe. Let him enter.

[*Exit Serjeant, enter Officer.*]

Wolfe, to the Officer. What Answer give they to
our Summons?

Officer. When I, according to your Orders, Sir,
In *George* the Second's Name, demanded both
The Town and Garrison, the Governor,
And General, with others, seem'd to sneer
At my Demand; bid me advise you to
Return, and ask our Royal Master for
The Keys, and a few more Troops t'escort
Them to *Quebec*: Their Situation, they
Likewise say, is strong and lofty; they've near
Twelve thousand Regulars entrench'd, and at
Th' only Spot attackable, commanded
By their bold, enterprising, fortunate
General, *Montcalm*; and in their wonted
Gasconading Boast, you cannot force the
Bars of their Gates, not daring t'approach near
Enough, since Monsieur *Montcalm* occupies
Th' adjacent Plain, and around their Ramparts,
Forms an impenetrable living Outwork!
Too dreadful for your near Advances! and

Before whose War you cannot stand, if He
Chose t'evacuate the Trenches, and give
You Battle!

Wolfe. Say they this?

They shall e'er long, hear *Britain's* Thunder roll!
And feel the Bolt! Our Troops and Tars shall roar
Them such a Concert, as shall shake the strong
And lofty Base of their *Quebec!* and let
Montcalm take Heed, or like hungry Lions,
Foaming for their Prey, we'll overleap his
Breastworks, and drag his *Frenchmen* by the Heels,
Out from underground, where like Moles they seem
To have buried themselves, fearing to look
At us, as if like Basilisks, our Eyes wou'd kill!
I cannot boast twelve thousand Regulars,
With many savage scalping Bands; my Troops
Will scarcely to eight Thousand rise; but these
Are gallant Fellows; and I have seen them
Try'd: They're *Britain's* Troops; and from *Old*
England,

Caledonia and *Hibernia* drawn.

Britannicus. They're the Descendants of those very
Men,

Who fought at *Cressy*, *Poitiers*, *Blenheim!*
And often march'd victorious thro' the Heart
Of *France!* and surely feel the Ardor of
Their brave Ancestors! But more than this, in
The last War, several gain'd great Honour,
And many, we know, both Officers, and
Soldiers, at the late Siege of *Louisbourg*,
Signaliz'd themselves.

Leonatus to *Wolfe.* I think Sir, we've enough;
Especially when I reflect, we lead
The triple Union to the Battle! all
Emulous of Fame! most honourably
Jealous of each other! and firmly resolv'd
To bring no Stain upon their Mother Country!

Wolfe.

Wolfe. This promises full well.—

I must to my Repose; weak Nature will
No longer hold: Be it your Care, Gentlemen,
To see the Order of the Camp, and guard
Against Surprize; too much Security,
Has many Forts, and many Armies lost.
Pardon, Gentlemen, the Liberty I take,
I cannot doubt your Honour, Courage, or
Your Prudence: Fail not I beg of using
All your Eloquence, to warm the Hearts of
All our Troops, against the Day, in which we
Shall attack the *French* Entrenchments, which
I intend shall shortly be.

That Day will bring the bravest to the Test!

Britannicus. All shall be done a Man can do,
And if Example will have any Weight,
That shall not be wanting.

Leonatus. I join my gallant Brother in Command,
And promise on the Honour of a Soldier,
On my Part, that nothing shall be wanting.

Wolfe. My worthy Sharers in Command! my
Honourable Partners of bright Glory!
Adieu;—and Heav'n well speed you both.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

MONTMORENCI; (MONTCALM's Camp.) MONT-
CALM, LEVI, and BOUGAINVILLE, in a Tent.

Bougainville to Montcalm.

So it seems Sir, the *Britons* demanded
The Town and Garrison of *Quebec*, and
Have sent three young Gen'als with eight thousand
Troops on the sleeveless Errand? (the

Montcalm. Being this Day, with some others, at
Governor's conven'd, I heard the *British*
Officer when he made the proud Demand,

Which

22 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Which we rejected with Disdain, and sent
Him back with such a Message to their Camp,
As will give their enterprising boasted
Wolfe, but little Pleasure.

On our Refusal, he denounc'd rough War,
And threaten'd Devastation to the Town
And Garrison :—

And by a Prisoner we have taken,
We learn that they intend shortly to storm
Us in our Trenches.

Bougainville. These *Britons* wou'd be thought
invincible,

And dream of nothing else but asking for
Our Forts, our Towns, and Garrisons, as if
The mention of their Names had a magic
Charm in it! wou'd waste our Troops! and batter
Down our Walls! but they're mistaken!
Whene'er they land at *Montmorenci*, let
Us from our Trenches pour down upon them,
And shouting loud as *Niagara's* steep
Cataract, with the like Rapidity,
Bear down all before us! leave the straggling
Offals of Destruction, as delicious
Morfels for our Savages! and scourge the
Insolence of their young Leaders!

Montcalm. Be not too rash, good Sir.
We must not give them Battle on the Plain,
Nor carry on offensive War: (few,
Tho' young their Leaders, and their Troops but
Their Monarch, and their Minister, are too
Sagacious to be deceiv'd in this so
Critical a Choice! (no *Pompadour* rules there.)
Whate'er their Years, and Muster Roll, are found
Deficient in, depend upon it, 'tis
Over balanc'd well, by Intrepidity
Of Soul! active Resolution! a firm
Contempt of Danger! and well try'd vet'ran
Service!

Levi.

Levi. Lead we not better Troops than they?
 Besides, our Numbers, bating Savages,
 Are full four Thousands more; we've every male
 Inhabitant within the Town to back
 Us, they are some Thousands; why shou'd we then
 Within our Trenches sculk, as if afraid
 To meet them in the open Field? rather
 Let us run them down by Numbers! and as
 The lordly Lion serves the foremost Hunters,
 When they press upon him, spurn them to a
 Knowledge of themselves! who fancy now they
 Rise superior to the common Rank of
 Men! or else let us make them in a forc'd
 Retreat, precipitate themselves into
 The Sea!

Montcalm. Rather than dream of driving them
 before

Us, like a tim'rous Flock of Sheep, let us
 Prepare to stand their furious Charge, when they
 Like rav'nous Wolves, o'erleaping Sheep-folds,
 shall Trench!

Mount our Breast-works; and plunge into our
 Which if they shou'd, they will not fail to make
 Us feel their mortal Gripe!

I can repose but little Confidence

In open Field, in the rabble Thousands

Of *Quebec*, and less in all our Savage

Bands; the former, at the first Onset will

Break, and run; and the latter, before the

Roar of *British* Thunder, and the bright Blaze

Of Northern steely Death! flee Horror struck!

And yelling, from the Field.

Bougainville to *Montcalm*. You seem enamour'd,
 Sir, with *Britain's* Troops,

And to forget the Worth and Bravery of your own.

Montcalm. Pardon me, *Monfieurs*;

I am not guilty of so gross a Fault:

I know the Worth and Bravery of our Troops;

And.

24 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA : OR,

And only speak th' Opinion of the World
Concerning our Foes ; their own Atchievements
Loudly speak the same !——

(Waving the Exploits of all former Days,)
Look back in our own Time to *Fontenoy's*
Well fought ! hard earn'd ! and dreadful Field to
France !

(And that Te Deum'd Field of *Dettingen !*)
Nay, bring the Prospect nearer, and look back
To *Louisbourg*, (smoking yet in Ruins !
The horrid Marks of the Joint well temper'd
Rage, of their *Ulyssian Amberst*, and
Pelidean Wolfe !) There Art ! and Nature !
And the blustering Ocean, join'd t'obitruet
Their Landing ! yet, with what an amazing
Intrepidity did they come on ! and
Plunge amidst the foaming Surges on the
Shore ! choos'ing wat'ry Death, amidst the Fire
Of Thousands there entrench'd ! rather than be
Thought tardy in the Race of Honour !

Bougainville. But what avails all this, concerning
these

British Forces at present, come against
Quebec ?

Montcalm. To put us more serious on our Guards.
They're the same victorious Corps, and Leaders !
This same young Gen'ral headed them ! and with
A martial Skill, and undaunted Fury,
Spurr'd them on to Glory ! so that by his
Example fir'd, an Ardor ran thro' the
Ranks, quick as so many Trains of Powder
Blaze, when touch'd by the Match, and rouz'd
them to

Such enthusiastic Rage ! no Obstacle
Cou'd stop the rapid Progress of their Troops !

Levi. All this is granted, Sir :
But I presume the Case at present chang'd :
At *Louisbourg*, they had twice their present

Number

Number, and then we sent not all our Troops
 To obstruct their Descent ; but if we now
 Include our Savage Friends, we number twice
 Their Troops ; our twelve thousand Regulars are
 Veteran French, and have been often try'd
 Thro' the Continent ; we, ourselves, have seen
 Each other try'd in Battle ; why shou'd we
 Then not meet them in the Field ? (not

Montcalm. That my Resolves, and Arguments, do
 Proceed from any Backwardness to fight,
 I to yourselves appeal.—

Bougainville. Of that we must acquit you, Sir.
 We know your Courage and Ability ;
 But fain wou'd have your private Reasons for
 Your Resolutions.

Montcalm. Hear me then with Patience.
 That we, I think, will stand the Test, is put
 Beyond Dispute ; That we have good and well
 Train'd Veteran Troops, I likewise grant, and
 Thousands more than they ; but our Success must
 Be the chiefest Hinge, on which th' Affairs of
 Canada must turn : This Barrier pass'd,
 They'll sweep onward like an Inundation !
 And overwhelm each Gallic Settlement
 In undistinguish'd Ruin ! and as the
 Event of War was ever dubious, and
 Numbers have not always conquer'd *Englishmen* ;
 Why shou'd we give them equal Battle, and
 Throw all at Stake upon th' uncertain Chance ?

Levi. I see no Need to fear the coming to a Battle.

Bougainville. Nor can I doubt of matching them,
 when Hand

To Hand engag'd : Eight Thousand may begin
 Th' Attack, and break the Fury of their most
 Impetuous Charge ; shou'd these be repell'd,
 A Corps de Reserve of four thousand Men,
 By all our rough *Indian* Tribes assisted,
 May soon recover that first Disorder,

Help them to rally, and with new Spirits,
Face the Foe; or at least they'll cover their
Retreat (in Safety) to their Trenches: Then
Shall we prove ourselves true Sons of *Mars*, and
Wipe away the Scandal of a dastard Name.

Montcalm. Our Bus'ness here is to preserve *Quebec*.
And with as little Loss as possible;
And if from Numbers we may hope Success,
Let us remain intrench'd, and make th' Event
More certain. The Sea now swarms with *English*
Men of War, who intercept our Transports,
And our Royal Fleets, therefore we can have
But little Hope of a Supply of Men
From France: As for our invading Foes, all
Their Attacks must be with Loss attended;
They're few already, and their Troops will thin:
Perhaps being harrass'd, Sickness may ensue,
And they'll grow weary of the tardy Siege:
Then, when their Spirits shall be most depress'd,
Rush we'll on them with our united Force!
Beat up their sickly Camp! and make them take
A bloody Farewel! by which Means, we shall
Preserve our Troops, our Honours, and *Quebec*.

Bougainville. On cool Reflection, I now see plainly,
What before did not occur: Since we are
The Continental Bulwark, and with us,
Quebec must stand or fall, I do submit
To lie before its Walls, and only act
On the defensive Side; since through our Troops
A Passage must be cut into the Town.

Levi to Montcalm. To your superior Judgment
I submit,
And well applaud the Plan of Operation.
This Method may perhaps be better than
Pitch'd Battles, where one chance Blow, a Signal
Misapply'd, or a Word misunderstood,
May turn the Sway of Action, subvert the
Best concerted Schemes, and sling a Conquest

Into

Into the Arms of those, who waited but
 The Signal to desert the Field : And all
 The World allows, that warlike Arts, and Skill
 Mature, (with Policy apply'd) to save
 The Men, and gain the cheapest Victories,
 (If not the first Qualifications, they
 Are) to personal Bravery, the next
 Best Requisite in any General. (Sir :

Bougainville to *Montcalm*. I've nothing to object,
 To your Opinion I'm intirely won. (tract

Montcalm. Be it our chiefest Care then to pro-
 The Siege, and save our Men : Behind us lies
Montreal, against which Place, I learn the
 Gallant and experienc'd *Amberst*, their
 Sage Prime Chief, 'gainst *Louisbourg*, is in full
 March, with near ten thousand Forces, and with
 Fierce *Wolfe*, no doubt, intends a Junction ; but
 In all human Probability, they
 Never can surmount each Obstacle, and
 Soon enough arrive with their expected
 Aid : But shou'd that Reinforcement come, the
 Less our present Loss, and Harrassment now
 Is, the better we shall then receive them.

Bougainville. Let us dam up th' Entrance into
Quebec ;

No landing Place lies near the threaten'd Town,
 And practicable, but *Montmorenci's* (full
 Strand, below our Camp, which Place we'll guard
 Well, and render inaccessible, as
 Art, and warlike Terrors can.—

In these *Northern* Climes, the *Winter* will come
 On apace, and frustrate ev'ry hostile
 Plan ; their thin Remains (the baffled Refuse
 Of repeated Skirmishes) will then return
 With disappointed Hopes, and fullen Shame.

Montcalm. But when they land, let us be well
 prepar'd

For their Reception ; for they'll compel us

28 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,
To believe their Leaders fierce! and all their
Forces brave! [Exeunt omnes.


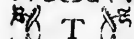



A C T III.

S C E N E I.

POINT LEVI, WOLFE, LEONATUS and
BRITANNICUS.

WOLFE.

 HIS distant Battery avails us not;
 T We waste our Troops, and harras out
 our Men,
And expend our Ball and Powder but to
Little Purpose: I long to see our Foes,
And grapple with them in a close Engagement.

Britannicus. In that let all our Resolutions fix,
And let ev'ry Movement center in that
Purpose, to *Montmorenci* let's transfer
The War, and with all our Force united,
Steadily pursue the End we've plann'd, and
Launch Destruction 'mongst their Troops.

Wolfe. Your Sentiments concur with mine:
To-morrow we'll attack 'em; th' Admirals
Have promis'd all th' Assistance in their Pow'r,
And I doubt not the hearty Concurrence
Of their Officers, and th' *English* Seamen.

Leonatus. All our Officers, and Troops, seem
well pleas'd,
And chearfully resolv'd; they only wait
The Signal for the Undertaking. (known,

Britannicus. A greater Emulation ne'er was
Nor firmer Union ever subsisted,

Betwixt

Betwixt the Soldiery and the Seamen ;
 The sep'rate Corps no more support with cool
 Indifference each other's Cause, nor in
 Their wonted Disagreement jar : All seem
 To strive who shall be most alert t' exert
 Themselves, to gain a glorious Name ; and like
 Gallant and faithful Brothers in the War,
 Aspire to stand with the most intrepid
 Souls, the greatest Shock of Danger.

Wolfe. We will not fail on our Parts to answer
 Their warmest Expectations, and lead them
 On to take gigantic Danger by the
 Throat ; and tho' repell'd, we'll force the *Frenchmen*
 To confess we fought like Sons of Liberty.
 Now let us hence to where our several
 Stations call us :

Mean while, let us not grow tardy, but with
 Redoubled Fury cannonade, and ply
 Them with disploding Storms of Shells, as if
 We meant to bury them in Iron Graves :
 Perhaps some lucky Shell, or Shot, mark'd out
 By Fate, may do more than at other Times,
 A Month of toilsome Siege. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E II.

*The Stage darken'd, and two Men plac'd behind the
 Scenes, with speaking Trumpets, one at the Front,
 and one at the inner End of the Stage. A Ship to
 appear.*

Front Man.

Make a Signal immediately for all the Ships
 Boats, and all the Fleet to mann Ship ! (Lads !
Inner Trumpet. Bear a Hand ! bear a Hand my
 Mann the Boats ! and pull up ! (us !
 The Fire-ships are coming down the Stream upon
 [Boatswain pipes forward in the Ship.

All

30 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

All Hands, Hoy!

Pipes a Midship, at the middle, or main Hatchway.

All Hands, Hoy! tumble up, tumble up; there
below!

Pipes abaft, or at the after Hatchway.

All Hands, Hoy!

*[A great Noise within of Long-boat-men; Taulers,
away, a running fore and aft, and clattering of
the Oars.]*

Out Barge, Hoy! a running, whurrow, whurrow,
Whurrow, whurrow, Pipes to Lower, Pipes to stop.

Front Trumpet. Bargemen, jump into the Barge,
and wait further Orders.

Get the Fire Engine in Readiness there!

Chearly my Boys! Chearly!

Three or four Boats clap along-side of that
Headmoft Fire Ship, and tow her ashore on the
Larboard Side of the River.

*[As he speaks, a Light appears on the left Side of
the Stage. After a Pause.]*

Have you hook'd the Grapples Men?

Sailor answers. We have her as safe as a Thief in
a Halter;

But the Tide runs strong.

Front Trumpet. Pull up briskly half a Dozen
Boats more there,

And tow her plump ashore!

*[After a small Time, the Sailors buzza; one bawls
out, She's safely stow'd away.]*

Front Trumpet. There let her grow;

She makes a fine Illumination:

Clear your Grapples, and get off in the Stream
In Readiness.

*[Inner Trumpet, Lieutenant Hatchway, Front-
Trumpet, Halloo. (and Fire Floats*

Inner Trumpet. Here's a whole Fleet of Fire Ships,
Coming round the Point:

The

The French are trading with *Lucifer* I think,
And have borrow'd th' infernal Coast of him
For this Night's Service. (likewise

Front Trumpet. If they've borrow'd his Imps
To conduct the Machinery, we have a Parcel
Of brave hardy Tars, that will play their Parts
Manfully in the Scene, and grapple with
Any Terrors which can float upon the Water!

Inner Trumpet. Order more Assistance here;
They're coming down upon us six Knots!
And will be close on Board of us in an Instant!

[*As he speaks, a great Light appears.*]

Front Trumpet. Row up there one whole Division
of Boats!

My brave Fellows! behave like *British* Seamen;
There's warm Duty for ye!

A Sailor answers. Never fear, Sir!
We'll tow them ashore, if the Grapples hold,
Or we'll fry like Sausages in the Flames!

[*All Whurrow, Whurrow.*]

Front Trumpet. One whole Division of Boats;
take up

That Fire Ship near the Two Decker, and tow
Her to Starboard; and be sure mind to grapple
The Floats which miss the headmost Division,
And touch them ashore. (gine!

First Officer within. Be ready with the Fire En-
Get up Oars, Poles, and Booms there!
And mann the Starboard Side well!

Second Officer. Brace all the Yards; sharp fore
and aft!

And mann the Shrouds and Yards with Pole Ax
Men, to clear the Fire Ships Grapples!

First Off. Run both Tiers of Guns out double
shotted,

And bring them all to bear upon the Fire Ship!
Carpenters! stand by to cut the Cables!

Second

32 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Second Off. Pull up your Starboard Oars briskly
my Lads!

And keek her well to Starboard of us:
Take Care; don't fall athwart the Ship's Hawse
Aftern of us.

*[Sailors bawl out, Whurrow, whurrow; Never
fear, Never fear.*

Second Off. She goes clear of us:
They have her under Command.

*[Inner Trumpet, Lieutenant Hatchway, Front
Trumpet, Halloo.*

Inner Trumpet. I can perceive no more Fire Floats
and Fire Ships

Coming; that whole Division may be employ'd
In picking up such as pass'd the Point.

Front Trumpet. They are all clapp'd on Board by
this Time,

And greatest Part of them larded on *Terra Firma*:
The most Mischief they've done us, was just
To singe one of the Ships Sides as they pass'd.

*[All the Sailors within, Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!
Scene closes; Lights descend.*

S C E N E III.

Point Levi: *Centinels call in this Manner behind the
Scenes, going up the right Side thrice; that is in
the Front, Center, and Rear, All's Well: The like
on the left Side, Rear, Center, and Front, All's
Well: At a Distance, as on Board the Fleet in the
River, All's Well; All's Well; All's Well; All's
Well; different Voices.*

Wolfe Solus, in his Tent.

The dreadful Tumult of this horrid Night
Is o'er, and with its Clamours are all its
Terrors vanish'd.

Stuck

Stuck firm upon the Shore, in harmless Blaze,
 These Engines of Destruction melt away.
 Throughout the Fleet the Voice of Safety runs,
 And thro' the Camp, from Right to Left, I hear
 The Centinels revolve the welcome Sound.

Enter a Sea Officer. Wolfe to him.

I congratulate you, Sir, on this Night's
 Success, and the Safety of all our Fleet.
 We have luckily escap'd the Danger,
 With which these Fireships threaten'd us.

Sea Officer. They threaten'd us with no less than
 total

Ruin in one relentless Blaze! it was
 A Master-stroke of Policy, and the
French had like to have rais'd the Siege at one
 Decisive blow. We had warm and busy
 Duty, and ev'ry Boat belonging to
 The Fleet, was well employ'd.

Wolfe. Upon this Point, wrapp'd in Suspense
 I stood,

To see the fiery Deluge rolling down
 Upon us, nor stirr'd from hence, until each
 Flame was tow'd on Shore, nor fail'd to mark with
 Pleasure, the Transactions of the Boats, and
 The Activity of our Tars.

Sea Off. They all behav'd worthy of the Fame they
 Have 'midst Fire and Smoke, in naval Battles
 Gain'd: when first th' Alarm was giv'n to mann our
 Boats, to meet and stop the Fireships, and Floats,
 Turn'd adrift upon the Stream towards us,
 They ne'er betray'd one Token of base Fear,
 Or backward Tardiness for Duty, tho'
 All a-head appear'd, as if the fiery
 Phlegethon had risen from its burning
 Bed, and from the hostile Walls, was pouring
 Down it's sulph'rous Torrent upon our Fleet:

With all the Speed their Oars cou'd make, they
row'd

Amidst the gloomy Danger, surrounded
On each Side by floating Flame! and as they
Breath'd, drew in thick Clouds of suffocating
Smoke :

Still, as fresh Ships, and Fire-floats, came pouring
Down, new Spirits and new Strength they seem'd to
Gain! with busy anxious Minds they boldly
Wrought, and clear from ev'ry Ship they tow'd
Th' infernal Flame!

Wolfe. Whilst they were busy in the burning War,
We in a vigilant Suspense remain'd
For Battle ready, we might repel the
Sudden Onset expected from the *French* :
'Twas there they fail'd in Policy.

Sea Officer. Perhaps in Courage, Sir : 'tis seldom
known

'They beat up *English* Camps, or board a Ship,
Except when they are greatly superior
In their Force and Numbers, and have a most
Convenient Opportunity.

Wolfe. *England*, I think, is most peculiarly
Happy in her naval Powers : I see
No Cause to doubt their future Conduct in
This Siege; we have here, brave, vigilant, and
Hardy Officers and Seamen.

Sea Officer. Their Match in all his annual Round
the

Sun sees not, so capable of Duty,
Or so agile in the Working of the
Ship, and brimful of Alacrity, when
Bearing down upon the Foe to Battle.
On the mortal Verge of close Engagement,
I've seen their Souls o'erflow with Joy! and their
Full charg'd Hearts, like Rivers rising o'er their
Banks,

Banks, pour out a Flood of rough but apt and
Daring Sentiments!

England exult! tell wond'ring Nations round,
Thy freeborn Tars mock at the Name of Fear!
Fear not my Lads says ev'ry *British* Tar,
And plunges thro' the Thunder of the Fight!
Where Flame and Death, and War, rage in the most
Tumultuous Manner, there shout *Britannia's*
Seamen, and with Delight engage!

Wolfe. I hope they'll still deserve the Name
they've gain'd,

And live in friendly Union with our Troops:
To-morrow I intend another rough
Trial of their Bravery and Spirit,
When they shall launch our Sons of *Mars* upon the
Shore.

Sea Officer. I'll pawn my Life our Sailors will
not fail,

I bid you, Sir, good Night.

Wolfe. The same to you, Sir. [Exit Officer.

Wolfe solus. O thou, whose never sleeping Eyes
pierce at (Camp!
One Glance thro' Space immense, watch o'er our
Retard all hostile Ills! and shield us from Surprise!

[Exit Wolfe, or the Scene closes.

S C E N E IV.

*The French Camp at MONTMORENCI, MONTCALM
and BOUGAINVILLE.*

Montcalm.

Our grand Scheme is baffled, and all our Hopes
From that Quarter are frustrated.

Bougainville. I had such a firm Reliance on it,
I thought it wou'd surpass all human Pow'r
To baffle it: I expected no less
Than universal Ruin to their Fleet,
To have seen their Powder blaze, and all their

36 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,
Stores expire in Flames, whilst from their Ships they
Leapt by Hundreds, and plung'd to wat'ry Death
Below, t'escape the burning War above:
At least, I thought the greedy Flame wou'd have
Devour'd sev'ral Ships, and forc'd some others
On the Shore, and some whole Crews have perish'd
In the wild Confusion!

Montcalm. But see how contrary last Night's E-
vent!

Their Sailors seem another Race of Men,
Whene'er compar'd 'gainst other Countries Tars,
And like the Water, Sulphur! Smoke! and Flame!
Seem almost to be their Element! they
Laugh at threat'ning Danger! and play with black
Destruction! —

Bougainville. They've done this Night, what
England may ever
Boast, what *France* will scarce believe, and other
Nations stand astonish'd at!

Montcalm. Ungrateful Truth! How many of us
from
Our diff'rent Posts, mark'd with what Unconcern,
And chearful Resolution, they met the
Flaming Fleet! Oars mix'd with Oars, like Persons
Striving for the Goal! the Sternmost drove the
Headmost on! chearing each other with their
Noise! all full of Emulation, who shou'd
Throw the Grapples first! and thronging fiercely
To catch each Flame, they form'd (if I may use
Th' Expression,) a Sort of Naval Phalanx,
Too firm, for any of our Fire Floats to
Pass, and do the wish'd-for Execution!

Bougainville. For the future, but little from the like
We can expect: they are forewarn'd, and will
Not now be off their Guard. Besides it was
The chiefest Effort we can make, and they
Who baffled this, will sneer at all our vain Attempts.

Montcalm.

Montcalm. Next we may expect to meet them on the

Shore; for flush'd with this Success, and full of Indignation at the great Design, no Doubt they'll make some desp'rate Push, by way of Fierce Retaliation.—Let us expect The worst, 'twill rouze us more! and if we can Repel them now, perhaps they'll raise the Siege.

Bougainville. Let them come on!—we fear 'em not!—

We're ready!—They shall have a warm Welcome!

Montcalm. And such I hope, as will prevent their bold Intrusion for the future. [Exeunt.]

THE END OF ACT III.



A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

A Nunnery, a Lady Abbess, and two Nuns.

Lady Abbess.

How welcome seems the returning Day,
After this Night of Horrors!—

1st Nun. [crossing herself.] Blessed Mary defend us, from all the

Threat'ning Dangers of the succeeding Night!

2d Nun. [crossing herself.] May all the holy Angels, and Host of

Saints, be our Protection this Day; and the Ensuing Days, until our Army drives The Enemies away.

Lady

Lady Abbess. Heav'nly Father!— [*crossing herself.*]
 Such another Night, for all the World I
 Wou'd not chuse to pass!—
 Amidst the Displosion of our own Guns
 In the Garrison, (so near us) and the
 Continual Discharge from *Point Levi*, and
 The *British* Ships, of Mortars and Cannon,
 The City seem'd to reel; nay, the very
 Ground trembled under us! whilst the whole Air
 Felt one unintermitted Shock; and in
 The undulating Space, long hung the hoarse
 Growling Sound, like distant Thunder.

1st Nun. Good Heav'ns!—

How dreadful was the Scene within our Walls!—
 Debarr'd the chearing Company of the
 More intrepid Sex, to sooth our Souls, and
 Calm our Fears, each Sister gave herself for lost!

2d Nun. How shocking thro' the Gloom of
 Night, wou'd the

Discharge of their Artill'ry, and Mortars,
 Flash like Lightning, against our Walls, and gleam
 Horrible thro' the long Range of all our
 Cells! and then to raise us from the trembling
 Stupor into which the Sight had thrown us,
 Instantly, the terrific Roar roll'd over Head!

1st Nun. Methinks I yet hear the battering of
 The Balls! and see the Shells, (like Meteors,)
 With their flaming Tails, descending thro' the Air!

Lady Abbess. The shrieking Sisterhood, (like a
 Flock of

Frighten'd Doves, trembling! and scatt'ring from an
 Eagle fousing down,) oft as they heard the
 Warning Voice; a Shell! or Flight of Shells! in
 Doleful Accents pierce their Ears, or saw the
 Flaming Show'r aloft, fell prostrate! kneel'd! and
 Pray'd! or ran almost each a different
 Way, as Fear suggested; seeking Shelter,

And

And dubious of th' Event!—and from our
Apartments, as they burst around us, broke
Forth a terrifying Scream!—

1st Nun. To this without our Walls, in a dismal
Concert, rung the Groans, and Cries, of dying
People!—Houses tumbling into Ruins!—
Or perishing in Flames;—Fearful Mothers,
With their Children crying, and thronging in
Heaps; not knowing where to fly for present
Security, and calling loud on all
The Saints for Help.

Lady Abbess. Alas! in vain!—
For over Head would rise another Show'r
Of Shells, and send them screeching Headlong to
A distant Spot!—many too slowly fled;
For Death, with unrelenting Haste, follow'd
At their Heels, and as a Peasant cuts thro'
A grassy Meadow, so he mow'd down the
Croud!—

2d Nun. Oh! terrible!—if they shou'd take
the City!—

And we shou'd fall into the Hands of these
Rough *Englishmen!*

1st Nun. I'm shock'd at the Thought!—

2d Nun. The very Idea horrors up my
Soul!—

And darts a Tremor thro' every Nerve!—

Lady Abbess. I hope it will not happen as you fear,
We have all the Saints on our Sides, to pray
For us; the bold General *Montcalm*, (who
Has often beat them,) and twelve thousand *French*
Soldiers, with a *Canadian* Militia,
And some Thousands of Indians, to fight for
Us, and they are not half our Number.

2d Nun. But still my good Lady they may beat us;
And then alas what may we expect will
Be the Consequence!

1st Nun to Lady Abbess. Our Confessors, Father
Dominic, and

Father *Francis*, have told us strange Things.

Lady Abbess. Perhaps our good Fathers were a
little

Too rash in forming their Judgments, or were
Misinform'd. What their whole Nation is, I
Cannot say; but I'm told by a Lady,
Who was at *Louisbourg* taken by them,
That the Officers behav'd with the greatest
Civility and Politeness to all,
But in a more peculiar Manner, to
The religious Ladies, and Orders, of
All Sorts; kept the strictest Decorum in
The Town, among their Soldiers, and stuck most
Honourably to their Capitulation,
Injuring none, after the Deliv'ry
Of the Forts and Town,

1st Nun to Lady Abbess. I'm greatly shock'd at
what our Confessors

Have told us!

Lady Abbess. My dear Children, discard these
Fears:—I hope

The Governor will not give up the Town;
But if he should, let this calm all our Doubts:
These are the Men, who treated their captive
Enemies with so much Humanity,
And good Manners, at *Louisbourg*.

2d Nun to Lady Abbess. How know you that,
Madam?

Lady Abbess. From the same Lady, who inform'd
me of

Their former Behaviour. I trust we're safe
From personal Insult: for where the true
Spirit of Brav'ry inspires the Breast of
Any Commanders in Chief, a manly
Generosity accompanies it;

And

And they'll keep the Troops under their Command,
In good Order and Discipline.

2d Nun. Heav'n hear my Pray'r, and grant they
may!

For I'm almost at my Wit's End!—

Lady Abbess. But for your further Comfort, my
ghostly

Father tells me, we are by and by, to
Have a general solemn Procession,
To the Church of Misericordia, to
Deprecate the Ruin which threatens us,
From this Invasion of our Enemies:
Let us retire my Children, and join with
Them in their Petitions for Victory.
This is our last, our best Resource, in all
Our Dangers. [*Exeunt omnes.*

S C E N E II.

Point LEVI: WOLFE solus, in his Tent.

The Hour is near; and swift upon the Wings
Of Time the Minute rides, pregnant with Fate!
And full of dread Decision; whether we
Rout them from their fortify'd Entrenchments,
Or retreat with Loss from *Montmorenci*,
The purple Bed of Honour will this Day
Be throng'd with *British* Worthies.

Enter an Officer.

S all the Forces are embark'd, the Ships
Are station'd for their Cover, both Officers
And Men are in high Spirits, and all seem
To be resolutely ready to force
The Gallic lines, and make their landing good.
Wolfe. The Lover, pining in the Absence of
The fair Inchantress of his Heart, ne'er felt
Such a Flood of Joy rush in upon his

G

Soul,

Soul, when she returning, charms his Ears with
 The well known Accents of her Tongue, as I
 Now feel, to hear the welcome Tale;—which Tale,
 Has rous'd me to the Onset, and kindled
 Ev'ry martial Sentiment within my
 Soul; I go, at honourable Freedom's
 Call, To fight my Country's Battle. [Exeunt.

[Curtain falls, Thunders, and a Discharge of Ar-
 tillery, and small Arms, Drums beating, and a
 Shout of Battle, Curtain rises, and discovers
 Capt. OCHTERLONY, and Lieut. PEYTON, lying
 wounded among several dead Soldiers; Mr.
 PEYTON's Leg shatter'd near his Knee; he be-
 ing armed with a Fusée, and a Dagger. Drum
 beats a Retreat.]

Enter a Serjeant, and some Grenadiers, as retreating.

Soldier. Oh! dismal Sight of Grief! here wound-
 ed lie

Our Captain and Lieutenant!

Serjeant. We'll bear them off, tho' thousands dam
 the Pass.

[Speaking to Ochterlony, and reaching him his Hand.

Rise worthy Sir, and on my Back ascend;
 Proud as a Mifer bears his Load of Pelf,
 Forth rushing from a House inwrapt in Flame,
 My willing Shoulders shall sustain your Weight;
 Thro' crimson Floods, and numbers of the Slain:
 Another will your good Lieutenant take;
 The rest all Opposition shall defy,
 'Till we in Safety shall depose our Charge,
 Rescu'd from Death, and far from scalping Foes.

Ochterlony. My gen'rous Men, I ever thought
 you brave,

And worthy of the Fame our Troops have gain'd;
 I feel I have my mortal Wound receiv'd,
 Should I retard your quick Retreat, you're lost:

I am

I am not therefore worth the Hazard of
Your Lives, which yet may be of Service to
Your Country, and in future Days revenge
My Fall. Here let me lie, in painful Joy,
Reflecting on my Soldiers proffer'd Love ;
But bear the gallant *Peyton* from the Field,
I know his Valour, and I love the Man !
Perhaps the Foe may one Day feel his Worth,
And you his Gratitude.

Soldiers. We'll take you likewise, Sir.

Ochterlony. Soldiers, no more : I will not hazard
Lives

So precious to *Great Britain*, and my King ;
Nor at so great a Price, will dearly buy
A few short painful useless Moments here :
But oh ! fulfil my last, my best Request !
Preserve my Friend ; defend his precious Life ;
And bear him safely hence !

[*Ochterlony* reclines on a dead Body. *Soldiers*
move towards *Mr. Peyton*.

Peyton. Stand off Soldiers ! nor think to take
me hence.

Oh ! can I bear the cruciating Thought !
How thall I when amongst our Troops arriv'd,
E'er cast a Look of warm Reflection back,
And in Idea see my gallant Friend,
My *Ochterlony* ! whilst alive forsook !
And by his *Peyton* too ! Oh, then to see him
Drown'd in Blood ! by savage Foes incircled,
Screaming aloud th' infernal Yell of Joy :
Then see the Tomax sink into his Head ;
His Body mangled ; and his Scalp torn off ;
Whilst he perhaps is vainly calling on
His absent Friend !——

No *Peyton* near, to dart like Lightning on
Them ! and with remorseless amicable
Fury, tread them down among their Kindred
Fiends below !

Serjeant. Consider, Sir, reject not timely Aid,
Tho' fractur'd be your Bone, Vigor remains,
And Youth, and Time, may give that Part new
Strength ;

Besides, you yet may serve your Country.

Peyton. Serjeant, thou spok'st a Dagger to my
Heart :

For Safety, and for Life, my Country calls.
Then who shall *Ochterlony* save!—*pausing a little.*
It is resolv'd :—and here will I remain.

[*Speaking now in a commanding Tone.*

Soldiers, with Speed retreat while yet you may !

Serjeant. Farewel, ye brave and much lov'd
Officers ;

We'd gladly bear you hence, and with our Lives
At Stake defend you both, would you consent ;

But here we can no longer safely stay,

Our Duty to our Country calls us hence ;

For from their lofty Trenches like a Flood,

The *Frenchmen* pour o'er *Montmorenci's* Field,

And like grim Furies from th' infernal Coast,

The cruel savage Bands are straggling round,

[*The Indians yell.*] Hark !

They yell the Transport which they'll soon enjoy

Amidst the scalping Scene ! we promise this,

Our Friends once more rejoin'd, we'll rouse
them to

Avenge your Cause.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

S C E N E III.

Manent OCHTERLONY and PEYTON.

Ochterlony.

Oh, my dear Friend, e'er 'tis too late, be gone.

Peyton. Persuade me not, for I am fixt as Fate :
Watchful and fierce, as is the Dragon said
To stand, and guard the bright Hesperian Tree ;

So

So will I guard thee from the savage Foes :
 Perhaps some Foe of manly Sentiment,
 By Providence directed, may approach ;
 At least, before I die, amongst the Scalpers
 I'll spread a gloomy Scene of Slaughter, and
 Fall with thee amidst a glorious Ruin !

[*An Indian Yell, Ochterlony attempts to rise,
 and Peyton begins to load his Fusée ; the
 Scene closes in the mean Time.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Captain MACDONALD, with a Party of High-
 landers, and a dead Body.*

Macdonald.

Yonder I see an *English* Officer,
 Towards him speeds a Band of Savages ;
 He seems design'd to stand on his Defence,
 Too great the Odds !——
 Three thither haste, and to his Rescue fly !

[*Exeunt three Highlanders, with drawn Swords.*]

Now onward with our fallen Friend.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Re-enter three Highlanders, with drawn Swords,
 and Mr. Peyton on one of their Shoulders, with
 his Fusée.*

Peyton. Soldiers, I thank you for this timely
 Rescue :

To what Officer owe I this Obligation ?

*First Highl. Capt. Macdonald, of Fraser's Batta-
 lion,*

Whose Frown against the *French* nerves all our Arms
 With Strength, and edges every Sword, to hew
 Him out the Path to Glory ; he sent us :

We flew with Pleasure to your Aid, and flesh'd

Our

46 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Our Steel in every Scalper we could reach.

[*An Indian Yell, they all face about, and Peyton claps his Fusée to his Shoulder. The Indians halt.* (ward :

Peyton. Dare they not come ! then bear me on—
For Ambuscade and Murder only fit ;
They ne'er cou'd face th' uplifted glitt'ring Steel,
Nor stand the Light'ning of an *English* Eye.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

S C E N E V.

The Camp on Point Levi : Enter a Sea Officer, and a Caledonian Chief.

Sea Officer.

So *Peyton* is return'd ? but *Ochterlony's* lost ?

Caledon. Chief. That is not certain : Mr. *Peyton* says

He saw him with a *Frenchman*, standing near
The Breastwork, and therefore he has hopes.

Sea Off. Heav'n grant his Hopes are true.—
But tell me Sir, what pass'd while they remain'd
Upon the Field of Battle ?

Cal. Ch. Whilst *Ochterlony's* bleeding Heart
glow'd with

Undissembled Love, (which none but Friends can
Feel,) and pour'd out salutary wishes

For his Friend, *Peyton*, (like a Bear growling
O'er her wounded Whelp,) was swallow'd up in
Friendly Rage, and fiercely meditated
Great Revenge, if any Hand shou'd rudely
Touch his *Ochterlony*.

Sea Off. Well worthy they the Names of Sol-
diers and

Of Friends :—What ensu'd ?

Cal. Ch. Not long they lay in Pain, 'midst Blood
and Carnage,

E'er

E'er two fell Savages towards them came,
 Whose cruel Meins, and ireful Eyes, declar'd
 Their rugged Souls ne'er felt a tender Thought,
 Join'd by a *Gaul*, as savage as themselves ;
 These wounded *Ochterlony* sev'ral Times,
 For he unfortunately was unarm'd,
 And saw no friendly Weapon in his Reach,
 With which to deal the *Caledonian* Blow,
 And like a dying Lion, fall amidst
 The Slaughter of his Hunters !

Sea Off. Oh, barbarous and inhuman ! to wound
 A Man at Mercy, and a Prisoner !—

But proceed. (complain'd :

Caled. Chief. He of their Outrage to his Friend
 Quick as a Spirit answers *Merlin's* Call,
 The magic Sound rous'd *Peyton* from the Earth ;
 (Who in his Friend's Danger forgot his own :)
 He frown'd in Flame, and sent the leaden Fate !
 Death seiz'd a Savage, and he groan'd his last !
 His Mate upon th' *Hibernian* quick advanc'd ;
 They both fir'd, both wounded were, yet both
 stood ;

The Savage flesh'd his Bay'net in his Side ;
 His fractur'd Leg, and Loss of Blood forgot,
Peyton's left Hand his next Thrust parry'd well,
 And flung wide off the sanguin'd Point ! whilst
 from

His Side his Right a Dagger drew, so well
 The bold *Hibernian* ply'd the Steel, he sheath'd
 It in his cruel Heart ! and spurn'd the vanquish'd
 Savage to the Ground !

Sea Off. You fill my Mind with pleasing wonder !

Caled. Chief. I tell you nought but Truth ; and
 more can add,

How *French* Artillery on *Peyton* play'd,
 Thund'ring Applause, and roaring loud Acclaim !
 What further happen'd you already know.

S. Off. But think you not we made a fierce attack
Upon the *French*?

Caledo. Chief. We did indeed, — and a horrid
Scene it was!

The bellowing Engine of the Skies began
To growl! o'er the Summit of the Hill a
Gloomy Horror lowr'd! and down the Clouds
pour'd

Their liquid Torrents, and Sheets of sulph'rous
Flame; a Prelude to that Storm, which from the
French Camp soon after roar'd in pond'rous Show'rs
Of Lead! High over-head th' æthereal
Fragors broke; against our Front the Gallic
Artificial Thunder roll'd! on ev'ry
Side our friendly Infantry, and Cannon,
Help'd to make the rattling Concert up!
(Cœlestial and terrestrial Lightning mix'd.)

The *French* Artillery, and small Arms, swept
Whole Platoons away, and cut wide Lanes of
Carnage! among the landing Troops and Boats,
In flaming Show'rs, the countless Bombs came down!
And in Disploſion made promiscuous Havoc!
So that thro' Floods of Flame, and Deluges
Of Death, our Men rush'd on to Battle!

Sea Off. And did like Men full well acquit them-
selves:

As well they might, when they had such a bright
Example set by *Monckton*, *Wolfe* and *Townsbend*,
To rouse a noble Emulation in
Their Souls; and their diff'rent Corps were headed
By many other Leaders brave, old in
Renown, and well accustom'd to look Death
And Danger in the Face.

Caled. Ch. We made th' Attack to let the *French-*
men see

We fear'd not Death in any Form, but might
As well have thought of plucking Mountains up
By the Roots, as of dragging *Montcalm* and

His

His Troops, per Force, against their Wills, out of
 Their subterraneous Caverns, or else, to
 Speak more proper, from their lofty furrow'd
 Precipices of the Rocks, for Trench on
 Trench rose, dreadfully beyond each other,
 And made a terrible Gradation
 In the Hill, as if they meant to sleep with
 Clouds for Curtains to their deep Entrenchments,
 And doubted the common Surface of the
 Globe too low for Safety.

Sea Off. Our Gen'als, at the Disappointment,
 seem

Chagrin'd, but undismay'd, and wait with fierce
 Impatience for an Opportunity,
 To wipe the Mem'ry of this Foil away ;
 When, as the Sun blazes from an Eclipse,
 They may rise more terrible in a Storm
 Of Vengeance, from this Disaster, run their
 Gloomy Courses, and set in Gallic Blood.
 I understand, as soon as possible,
 They are resolv'd to storm the Town, or force
 Them to a Battle distant from their Trenches.

Caled. Ch. These are the Leaders for me, and
 these our

Country will revere.

Like the well-fed Stallion in the Stall, when
 He scents the Female, at th' Alarm of War,
 Their active Souls grow restive ; disdain the
 Bounds by Nature circumscrib'd, wou'd break the
 Stubborn Dam, and thro' the Battle wing their
 Way, to wed Dame Honour in the bloody Field.
 We came not here to sleep our Time away,
 And then return, and tell our Friends we saw
Quebec, and *Montcalm's* Camp, from *Levi's* Point,
 Made one Attempt (which, like a Flash of Powder,
 Vanish'd into Smoke) and then grew tir'd of the
 Siege.

[*Looking on his Watch.*

Let us be gone, our Duty calls, and that

H

Shou'd

50 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,
Shou'd never be neglected by a Soldier,
But especially on hostile Ground. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

*Point Levi. Wolfe, Leonatus, Britannicus, and
two Caledonian Chiefs, sitting in a Tent.*

Wolfe, [*with a Letter in his Hand, speaking, and
looking, as if partly reading the Letter.*]

Gentlemen ;

From our worthy Brother *Amberst* comes this
Advice ; that as the Distance 'twixt us is
So wide, and *Montreal* well garrison'd,
Dams up the Road thro' which he needs must march,
And with his Pow'r unaided, force a Pass
Thro' their Entrenchments, Ambuscades, Defiles,
And deep Morasses, must clamber Rocks and
Hills, and thro' whole Forrests hew, beset with
Savage Nations, and *French* Troops, possess'd of
Most advantageous Posts ; being well assur'd,
He of Necessity must fight thro' all
The congregated Force of *Canada*,
E'er he can affect a Junction with us ;
He therefore thinks it necessary to
Inform us, 'twill be full late before he
Comes, if he arrives at all ; especially
When he considers, how necessary
His Presence is, where he now remains with
All his Forces : He therefore recommends
Us to the Care of Providence, trusting
In the Goodness of our Cause, and concludes
With strong Assurance, he will join us if
'Tis practicable.

1st. Cal. Ch. If Sir *Jeffery Amberst* cannot join
Us with those gallant Troops he leads (which we
Indeed cou'd wish) let us not waste the short
Liv'd Season in fruitless Wishes, and a
Distant War, or grieve because the *French* by

Us

Us are not out-number'd ; but let us, as
 Has before been hinted, by some Means gain
 The Height of *Abraham*, and in *Montcalm's*
 Sight invest their Walls ; no doubt 'twill rouse the
Frenchmen to a Battle ; and when they shall
 Advance to fight, we will upon ourselves
 Rely ; and in our Front shall march stern Fate !
 Sustain'd on either Wing by gloomy Terror !
 Intrepidity shall head the main Corps !
 And bold Resolution shall bring up the
 Rear, and serve us in the Stead of Numbers.

Britann. If Gen'ral *Amberst* joins us not, yet he
 Will be of Service to us, shou'd we be
 Still compell'd to carry on the Siege by
 Slow Degrees : He keeps in awe the inland
 Pow'rs around, and is a Curb on each Fort,
 And *Canadian* Settlement the *French* have
 Got : Full in the Center of their diff'rent
 Corps he lies, and like a couchant Lion
 In the Path, fiercely waits to leap upon
 His Prey, shou'd they e'er dare attempt to join,
 And *Montreal* seems terrify'd but at
 The Rumour of his near Approach, from whence
 We may expect they will detach no Force
 Against us.—But I'm for speedy Work, and
 Gallant Actions, well becoming *Englishmen*.

2d. Caled. Chief. Let us strike some noble Blow,
 and make an
 Attempt worthy of ourselves, before a
 Sickness seizes on our Camp, or sluggish
 Inactivity benumbs the Spirits
 Of our Men.

Leonatus. Tho' brave and experienc'd the Gallic
 Commanders ; veteran and more num'rous
 Their Forces, with all the Advantages
 On their Side, of Art and Nature ; such are
 The Officers we have with us, and such

The feveral Corps they lead, on them I
 Ground my eager Hopes of Victory, and
 Dare to hazard all a Soldier can hold
 Most dear, both Life and Honour, on equal
 Footing, in a close Engagement with our
 Enemies. [Wolfe, &c. rising.]

Wolfe. Gentlemen !

I feel a mighty Pleasure in my Mind,
 To see the forward Dispositions of
 Your Souls, which I oftimes in our other
 Leaders have observ'd likewise, nor do the
 Soldiers seem to want th' Ingredient
 Necessary for my Plan.—
 This Day I'll call a Council, wherein I
 Will propose (and doubt not but 'twill meet the
 Wish'd-for Approbation) that our Army
 Be e'er night embark'd in Boats, with ev'ry
 Necessary Disposition for a
 Battle, which Boats shall row some Miles beyond
Quebec, upon the Tide, and when that Tide
 Returns, then wrapt in Silence, and the Gloom
 Of friendly Night; we'll gently downward glide
 Upon the Stream, and at the Foot of that
 Rough Precipice, whose Top communicates
 With *Abraham's* Height, we'll land unseen, and
 Up the stony Steep we'll climb, 'till we have
 Gain'd the level Summit, and when Aurora
 Ushers o'er the Hills the Car of Day, all
 Rang'd in Order firm, and dread Array of
 War, we'll shout her such a Welcome, as shall
 Make *Quebec's* rocky Base to tremble ! and
 Wake each *Frenchman* out of his legarthic
 Dream of vain Security !

Leonatus. This Project suits my Disposition well :
 Methinks I can already see both Fronts
 In Battle join'd ; and every Soldier
 Pressing onward to the Goal of Glory !
 Now their white Ensigns beaten down, are all
 Bestain'd

Bestain'd with Gallic Gore, and wear a purple
Dye ! [*recollecting himself*] the Thought transported
me.

But here upon my Sword [*drawing*] I swear [*kissing*
it] I from
That Field will ne'er return, till Victory
Is ours, or I'm born off with bleeding Marks
Of Honour.—

Britannicus. And on my Sword [*drawing his*
Sword] I swear [*kissing it*] with Heart resolv'd,
And Resolution firm, to struggle for
The Palm of Victory, and if we fail,
I'll not think Life worth Care, to save it by
A forc'd Retreat.

First Caledonian Chief, [*drawing his Sword.*]
By this good Blade I swear, [*kissing his Sword*]
which never prov'd

Unfaithful to my Arm, nor fail'd me in
The greatest Need ; I'll put it once more to
The noblest Test, and thro' the thickest Ranks
Of *Gauls*, will hew my Way victorious,
And make it blaze a bright Example to
My Corps, or fall that Day, to be inroll'd
In future Annals, among the worthy
Warriors slain on *Abraham's* Height.

Second Caledonian Chief, [*drawing his Sword.*]
I kiss [*kissing his Sword*] this burnish'd Steel, in
Token of

My great Reverence for a Soldier's Name ;
And promise by my Hope of future Fame
In War, to make the Foes of *Britain* feel
Its mortal Weight ; Duty nerves my willing
Arm, and Honour gives the Blade an Edge ; with
This I'll strive to rouse my Troops to Action,
And at the Head of my Battalion rush
Towards *Quebec*, leading to Conquest : But
If retain'd at Bay, by Groves of Bay'nets,
And Show'rs of Shot, we bear not down the thick
Ob.

54 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,
Obstruſting Ranks of *Frenchmen*, Retreat we'll
Scorn, deal Death for Death ; and make them (as at
Fontenoy) purchaſe mournful Victory.

Wolfe, [*drawing his Sword.*] Mine be the Task
to ratify the whole :
I likewiſe ſwear [*kiffing his Sword*] upon my Sword,
I'll hunt

For Conqueſt in the Face of Danger ;
If human Reſolution can effect
The ſame, Vict'ry ſhall be ours : we'll raviſh
Her my Friends To-morrow ! for if ſhe's ſhy,
And ſeems about to quit us, we'll ſummon
All our manly Strength, and Fortitude of
Soul, arreſt her forward Steps, and pluck her
Back again ; at leaſt we can do this, earn
Honourable Deaths, and fall amidſt a
Monumental Pile of Glory, which we
Ourſelves whiſt living rais'd around us ! and
Sampſon like, drag with us to the Grave whole
Cohorts of our Foes !

For vanquiſh'd, I will never more return.
Montcalm ! I come, arm'd with angry *Britain's*
Vengeance, to ſcourge *European* Scalpers,
And *Canadian* Savages, and ſtand
Thy Rival in the fierceſt Shock of Battle !

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END OF ACT IV.

ACT






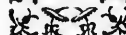
A C T V.

S C E N E I.

MONTMORENCI, *the French Camp.*

MONTCALM *and* LEVI.

Montcalm.

 I 'VE just receiv'd Intelligence, that all
 The *English* Army is imbark'd in Boats,
 And one Division is already swiftly
 Row'd beyond *Quebec*; the rest by all their
 Motions, seem inclin'd to follow them.

Levi. Then doubtless they'll attempt to land so near
As possible.

Shou'd we not, Sir, endeavour to oppose
And repel them, or give them a baneful
Welcome?

Montcalm. Of that I've taken Care.—
I've order'd Monsieur de *Bougainville*
To draw out two Thousand from the Camp, and
Watch their Motions: He marches this Way,
And will soon be here for Orders.

[*French Drums beat a March.*
He comes with hasty Steps, and Pleasure in his
Looks.

Enter Bougainville, addressing himself to Montcalm.
Sir, your Orders are obey'd: (well
I've march'd two Thousand from the Camp, Men
Resolv'd; and eager to perform the Duty you impose.

Montcalm. 'Tis well, Sir;—
May they answer our best Expectations.
Proceed you now, and lead these Men to the
Banks of the River, and wait in Ambush

For

56 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

For the landing of the *British* Troops, and
Choose your Posts, as Time and Circumstances
Will permit, to the best Advantage.

As they row up the River, be sure you
Upward march likewise; when'er they stop, then
Halt; if they fall down the Stream, retreat with
Them, that in ev'ry Shape (like their evil
Genius) you may keep Pace with them; and on
Their Debarkation, be ready boldly
To receive them, in a Show'r of leaden
Vengeance, wing'd with Flame.

Bougainville. Be not afraid, Sir, but we'll receive
them

As we ought; for tho' they land, cloath'd in all
The Terrors their boasted dreadful triple
Union can assume, I doubt not but we
Shall bring back with us, a good Account of
These few audacious *Britons*. [Going.

Montcalm. But mark me well Sir, shou'd they
downward bend

Their Course, and row as if they meant to reach
Quebec, or *Levi's* Point again, then
Dispatch me Word immediately, and with
Your main Corps follow the Messenger to
The Camp, with all the Speed you can.

[Exit *Bougainville* bowing. French Drums
beat a March.

Levi. Think you, Sir, *Monfieur de Bougainville*
Has Troops enough with him, to repel all
The *British* Forces, should they attempt to land?

Montcalm. All Things together weigh'd, I think
he has:

He and his Corps have often trod the Ground,
And in the darkest Night can measure out
Its Distance well: No Thought of Ambush can
Alarm them, they tread on friendly Ground, and
Are you know sustain'd by Savages, train'd
Up to Night Adventures, and to lurking Fights:
These

These *Britons* ne'er saw the Ground, but at a
 Distant View; and when they land, will tread at
 Each uncertain Step a Hostile Shore, and
 Must come on in Dread of Pitfalls, Breast-works,
 Entrenchments, Batteries, and Ambuscades;
 And when they shall receive the Fire from our
 Two Thousand, their own Fears, and the Horrors
 Of the Night (full of black Uncertainty)
 Will multiply them to ten Thousand strong.

Levi. From which I may presume you wou'd infer,
 They'll soon retreat back to their Boats; or fall
 A daring Sacrifice, by a brisk Fire,
 Kept up by our Troops, and friendly *Indians*.

Montcalm. I do infer no less:—
 Yet Policy suggests I shou'd not march
 Our main Body thither, lest they evade
 Us, and in the Night returning, make good
 Their Landing at *Montmorenci*, and seize
 Upon our Camp untenable by few.
 You've not forgot the fierce Attack they made
 On all our Troops, in their first bold Attempt.
 And this I have t'observe, shou'd *Bougainville*
 Be put to Rout by Rage unparallel'd,
 And their rough impetuous Charge, they know
 Each Avenue and Path, and safely can
 Retreat, whilst we to sustain them march out
 With all our Force, oppose Rage to Rage, check
 The furious Ardor of their Souls, and from
 Their weary Troops, ravish with Ease th' infant
 Victory.

Levi. I'm satisfy'd, and cannot doubt Success.

Montcalm. Let us to the Camp repair, and put all
 In Order for an Attack upon us,
 Or an Evacuation: These *Britons*
 Are not to be despis'd; they surely are,
 I fear, meditating some grand Design.
 The gath'ring Storm must e'er long fall somewhere;
 And on that dubious Hour the Gallic

58 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,
Honour, *Canadia's* Weal, our own bright Fame,
Britannia's Enterprize, and *Wolfe's* rising
Glory hangs.

Whene'er it falls, I'll face the low'ring Storm,
Let Death put on th' most tremendous Form ;
With *Wolfe* I'll grapple for the Laurel Crown,
Tho' mighty Fate against my Purpose frown :
Yet if I fall, in Death, 'tis some Relief,
Britons were Foes I fought, and wond'rous *Wolfe*
their Chief !

[*A woody Scene, as if on the Top of a Hill, or
Precipice ; and as near to the Front as possible,
to make Room for the more ample Scene of the
Height of Abraham, soon after.*]

[*Colonel, behind the Scenes.*]

Advance briskly on them, my brave Fellows !
Climb that Precipice, and close with the Enemy !

[*A Discharge of small Arms, and a Shout.*

*Enter several French Soldiers, retreating before
an English Colonel, at the Head of some light
Infantry : As they run across the Stage, Scene
draws, and discovers a larger View of the Height
of Abraham.*

S C E N E II.

*The Height of Abraham : Wolfe, Leonatus, and
Britannicus, at the Head of the Troops ; they all shout.*

Wolfe.

At length we've gain'd an ample Footing on
This Height of *Abraham* (to which my Soul
With ardent Wish hath long aspir'd) and are
Advanc'd upon the glorious Edge of Battle.
I will not ask my gallant Soldiers, if
You're ready ; th' Alacrity with which you
Have explor'd the gloomy Winding of this
Ascent, and the brisk manner in which you
Clamber'd up, surmounting all Obstacles,

Declares

Declares to me with greater Certainty
Than Words, you're ready.

Britannicus, Each low'ring Brow declares the Resolutions

Of their Hearts, and indicates th' heroic
Workings of their Souls ; in every Face
I read a warm Impatience for th' Onset,
As if they'd say, why stand we here in cool
Deliberation ? Let us to closest

Fight advance, our Foes may see us frown, and
Mark each lifted Arm descending with the
Mortal Blow, that we may hew thro' the Front
Of their Battle, and trample down their Rear.

Leonatus. Who falls this day, may well be deem'd
great in

His Death; and worthy of a *British* Patriot's Name!
How much our absent and worthy Friends of
Freedom, will envy useach glorious Wound we feel!

Wolfe. Oh ! what a beaming Blaze of Victory,
Love, and never-dying Fame, will crown each
Rich Survivor's Head ! who helps this Day to
Rout the num'rous *French*, and scourge their scalping
Friends, (those Bands of human Brutes,) back to
their

Lurking Dens, and native Wilds again !
Now beat our Drums, and sound each Instrument
Of War, whilst we march onward to the Field
Of Fame. [*Drums beat, Instruments sound.*]

[*Exeunt, beating a March.*]

SCENE III.

Scene draws, and discovers MONTCALM, sitting in his Tent.

Enter LEVI.

Levi. Sir, there's a Rumour in our Camp, that all
Th' *English* Troops are ranging on the Height of
Abraham, if so, we may soon expect them here.

I 2

Montcalm.

Montcalm. It cannot be!—wou'd they dare attempt it?

They cannot have eluded *Bougainville's* Caution!—He has not inadvertently Let them pass; and surely all our Out-guards, And Centinels, have not been wrapt in one Fatal Delusion, all conspiring to Retard a timely Notice of their Landing. Perhaps a desperate Few have straggled Thither, in order to amuse our Troops, Whilst others strike an unexpected Blow: Draw out a small Detachment from the Camp Against them.

Levi. Nay, had they ev'ry Man they've brought against

Quebec on *Abra'm's* Height, I shou'd esteem It but the forlorn Hope of *Britain*.

Montcalm. Let my Orders be executed, and Bring me Word immediately how Matters go.

[*Exit Levi.*

Montcalm solus. If all their Troops are there, they'll give us Work Enough this Day to drive them thence, and prove, I fear, a dear bought Victory to *France*.

Re-enter Levi, in more Haste.

Sir! I fear it will require our utmost Efforts to repel the Storm which threatens Us! There's scarce a Man of all the *English* Troops, but now treads *Abra'm's* Height! with headlong

Rage they stumbled up the Precipice! and With *Herculean* Fury, their Bombardiers, And Sailors, drag up th' Artillery, and With their light arm'd Infantry, in equal Pace they roll the brazen Thunder onward! They have already taken Possession Of the Fort, which guarded the Ascent, and

Turn'd

Turn'd the Guns upon our flying Parties,
Who as they mingle with our Forces, in
The Outlines of our Camp, spread Terror.

[Montcalm rising, and drawing his Sword.
Then now 'tis Time to rouze, and stir ourselves!
Let the Drums beat to Arms! and call forth all
The Pow'r within our Camp; we'll onward march
To meet them, and before our Walls, in Presence
Of our Friends, shall both our Battles close.

[Exit Levi.

Montcalm solus. These Britons will com pe us to
hazard

All on equal Footing on the Plain, or
Force us tamely to sit down entrench'd, and
See *Quebec* by them beleaguer'd; but e'er
They shall do that, Death, or Victory, shall
Be mine.

This Day, the Fates weigh *Britain* against *Gaul*:
Wolfe, thou must bleed, or flee, or I will nobly fall.

[Exit.

[The French Drums beat to Arms.]

S C E N E IV.

[Scene draws, Montcalm and a French Officer
at the Head of his Troops; the French Drums
beating a March.]

Montcalm. Halt.

Enter Levi.

Montcalm. Are all our *Indians* dispos'd of to the
Best Advantage?

Levi. They are, Sir;—

And as fierce Tigers from their Covert, eye
Th' approaching Kids, and couchant lick their
Chaps,

Anticipating the delicious Banquet;
They in their close Ambush lurk, with furious
Expectation, viewing the *British* Troops,
Waiting for the welcome Signal to fall

Upon

Upon their broken Rear, or else pick up
The scatter'd Remnant of their flying Forces.

Montcalm. Since they seem to like the Chace so
well, I
Hope we'll give them Sport enough e'er long.

[Turning to the Soldiers.

Now my brave Countrymen, remember you
Are to fight in the Cause of *Lewis*, the
Well-beloved of his People; you fight
Likewise your Country's Battle; and I may
Add, many of you here fight for Wives, and
Children, and Possessions; if any Thing
Can wake your dormant Rage, and kindle up
A Flame of Valour in your Souls, all these
Considerations can.

French Off. Altho' their Army's greatly thinn'd,
and they
Can scarcely number full five Thousand strong,
And we, (excluding all our Savages,)
Can muster twice their Tale, yet think not they
May be easily repell'd; altho' we
Have no Room to doubt of Victory, if
We behave like Men of Spirit, who have
Their Country's Good at Heart, yet march into
The Field forewarned thus, with Courage firm,
Boldly prepar'd for the severest Trial
Of your Manhood, and meet resolutely,
Expecting th' Impetuosity of their Charge.

Montcalm. If you'd acquit yourselves as Soldiers
shou'd,
Who wish their King and Country well, and long
Have thirsted for an Opportunity,
To stanch your bleeding Mother's Wounds, and to
Retrieve her long lost Honour; you must not
Think meanly of them, but call up all the Man
Within your Souls, and bravely blaze, absorb'd
In Valour's Flame!

Intrepidly resolv'd, and skilful, are

Their

Their Leaders, and Commanders ; rough, fierce and Veteran, are their Soldiers ; and in their Defeat, great wou'd be our Fame !
Let us march to meet them.

[Exeunt, Drums beating a March : Scene closes.]

S C E N E V.

WOLFE, *at the Head of the Troops ; a March beating ; and opposite, as from MONTCALM's Camp, enter an English Officer, addressing himself to WOLFE.*

Sir, I came from reconnoitring *Montcalm's* Camp, where with all the Haste they're Masters of, They're arming, evacuating the Trenches, And forming on the Plain ; they seem inclin'd To save us the Trouble of forcing their Entrenchments, and in few Minutes we may Expect them here.

[Wolfe, turning to the Soldiers.]

Now the Completion of your Wishes is At Hand ! you no more shall pant for War, and With Impatience glow, chiding the tardy Hours which roll'd inactively away. Nor shall you ask indignantly again, When shall we meet, and rush upon our Foes ? And battle with them, Bay'net to Bay'net, Sword to Sword, Front to Front, and Man to Man ?

[They all shout, and several call out,

Lead us on to glorious Death, or Victory !
To glorious Death, or Victory ! lead us on !

An Officer advances from the Rear.

Wolfe. Is the Artillery well advanc'd ?

Officer. They have already gain'd the Rear, And 'twixt the Flanks of diff'rent Corps, they are Advancing to the Front with intrepid Haste, and ready to eject their mingled

Storm

64 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Storm of Lead and Iron, to deform the
Hostile Ranks of War.

Wolfe. When they have gain'd the Front, (Preg-
nant with Fate,)

Let our fulminating Engines bellow
Britannia's Salutation to the *French* ;
'Midst which we will advance, careering in
The Thunder Storm.

Are all the Corps dispos'd of as I order'd ?

Officer. Col'nel *Howe*, and his Light Infantry, are
Drawn in Semicircle round our Rear, and
Left Flank, and form an offensive moving
Bulwark against th' Incurfions of such Foes,
As may be lurking in th' adjacent Coppice,
Where doubtless all their *Indians* skulk :
Ev'ry other Officer, and Corps, fill their
Stations in the Field.

Wolfe. Then we are ready for the Onset :
Good Providence! befriend us.

Officer. Whilst traversing the Field, from Rank
to Rank,

I found a sympathetic Resolution
Spread from Man to Man ; each Leader glowing
With an indignant noble Emulation
For Glory, (with sparkling Eyes, brimful of
Fierce Delight, and steady Countenance,) strove
To animate his Corps, who stood alert :
And when the Drums began to beat, join'd with
The shrill Fifes, when the brisk Clangors of the
Trumpets echo'd thro' the Ranks, and the deep
Throated Cannons roar'd a dread Prelude to
The Battle, their gen'rous Souls dilated
With a warlike Pride! then (like *Job's* War-horse,)
They bid adieu to Fear, and with genuine
Freeborn Ardour, eager for close Action,
Join'd in loud Concert with the martial Grand
Enliv'ning

Enliv'ning Melody; sending forth their
Wonted cheering Shouts of Exultation!

Wolfe [*Turning to the Soldiers.*] In View, before
us lies the plenteous Field

Of martial Glory, in which this Day we
Are to reap, with honourable Toil, a
Matchless Harvest of Renown: Now is the
Time to serve our Country well, to spread the
Terror of our Sov'reign's Name, and with a
Freeborn Flame rush into Battle.

Let Glory warm our emulating Hearts,
Like Men, in *Britain's* Cause, to play our Parts:
'Gainst *Montcalm* now, let us Defiance roar,
And Fate's untrodden Path resolv'd explore:
And when the dreadful Conflict is begun,
Let each remember he's a *Briton's* Son;
Each recollect *Great Britain's* wholesome Laws,
Let each reflect he fights in Freedom's Cause;
Then glowing with the Thoughts, we'll charge
our Foes;

Lighten like *Jove*, and deal our riving Blows,

[*Scene closes, Drums beat a short March on both
Sides, then a Point of War; a Discharge of
Artillery and small Arms, a Shout of Bat-
tle, and Indians yelling: Scene draws, and dis-
covers General Wolfe wounded in the Wrist;
an Officer attending.*]

Officer. You bleed, Sir.

Wolfe. The Ball graz'd my Wrist.

Officer. Shall a Surgeon be call'd to dress the
Wound, Sir?

Wolfe. Call no Surgeon for a Wound so slight
as this. [*Taking out his Handkerchief, and
wrapping it round his Wrist.*]

We waste the precious Moments! whilst all are
Upon the Wing to Honour! See, where the
Anstruthers, and *Caledonians*, with a

Mutual Emulation, hew thro' the thick
Obstructing Ranks of *Frenchmen*; and as they
Lift their burnish'd Steel, they fling a transient
Gleam of Terror round!

And see, where every other Corps with
Bayonets fix'd, to close Engagement throngs!
Let us my Friend among 'em speed, and in
Their Front rush foremost to their Goal of Glory!

[*Exeunt, in haste.*]

[*A Shout of Battle, Indians yelling.*]

Scene draws, Levi and a French Officer in Disorder.

Levi. The Battle will be irretrievably
Lost, without a sudden Turn!

Gen'ral *Montcalm*, and others are wounded!
The Wings give Way! the main Body is broke!

Officer. The *Indians* faintly squall their horrid Yell
Of Onset! and in their thick Ambushment
Riveted Agape, they gazing stand as
Thunderstruck!

Levi. Heav'ns! that such a Handful of Men
should work

So much Confusion!

Run!

Rally the broken Troops, and make them stand;
Whilst I head and spirit up the main Corps,
'Till *Bougainville's* Reinforcement arrives.

[*Exeunt severally, in Haste.*]

[*Montcalm brought in by two, his Thighs wrapp'd
up, and bloody.*] (as if

Montcalm. Each *Englishman* this Day behaves,
He wore *Medusa's* Head! with Gorgon Frowns
They look some *Frenchmen* pale, and stiff with
Horror!

Whilst with averted Looks, others retreat

With a mercurial Speed! (treat;

1st Soldier. Where'er they face, our Troops re-
Or else they pierce, and hew a Lane of Carnage out.

2d Soldier. Our Army dares as far as Men can do :
But who can stand the Charge of these
Impetuous *Britons* !

The Day is theirs ! *Quebec* must fall !

Montcalm. And *Canada* is lost !—Alas my Coun-
try !—

As the roaring Thunder, on the rapid
Wings of keen Light'ning, bursts resistless thro'
The sturdy oaken Grove, scorches, and rives,
And lays its stubborn Honours low, so the
Furious *Britons* break thro' our thickest Ranks !
And as a cold Blight nips tender Blossoms,
The fierce *Wolfe* blasts all the former Honours
Of my Life ! he tears with greedy Hand the
Fading Laurels from my Head ! and rises
Into Glory, whilst in Disgrace I set !
Bear me into *Quebec*.——

[*Exeunt.*

[*Montcalm, as they go off.*

Canada Shakes !—my Country bleeds !—my
Honour's lost !—— [*Groans, ob—*

*Enter LEONATUS, supported by two Soldiers, his
Hand to his Lungs.*

Leonatus. Ill fated Bullet !——

In its rapid Flight, I fear it pierc'd my
Lungs, and threatens painful Dissolution.
If we gain the Vict'ry, welcome Death ; my
Wound will plead with fanguin'd Eloquence for
Fame.

[*Looking back, as he looks back, a Shout.*

I must quit the Field !——
For tho' my Spirit is resolv'd, yet the
Poignant Torments, and Expend of Blood, roll
Cooling Tremors to my Heart. and weigh frail
Nature down.

Soldier. Sir, as we pass'd the Rear with you, I think

I saw General *Wolfe* bearing off this Way, between four.

Leonatus. Cease the unwelcome Tale!
That News pierc'd thro' my Soul! and from the near
Exhausted Fountain of my Heart, roll'd a
Fresh purple Stream of Life!—yet still I'll hope.

[*Going off, and looking back.*]

Oh! *Townshend!*

What an Harvest of immortal Glory,
Wilt thou reap this Day!

[*Exeunt.*]

[*As they go off, enter four Soldiers, bearing General Wolfe; an Officer attending.*]

Wolfe. Here let me rest awhile:—

My Wounds grow painful.—

[*Speaking to the Officer.*]

Pray tell me, Sir, how goes the Battle?
For hearing is the chiefest Sense I've left:
A chilly Damp of Gloom hangs o'er my Sight,
And seems to wrap me in a waking Dream.

Officer. Firm as a Rock amidst the Billows plac'd,
Our little Army stands the furious Charge
Of their ten thousand veteran Troops!
And at an awful trembling Distance held,
The savage yelling Bands, (with Horror struck,)
Howl out their Rage against the gallant *Howe*,
And his small Corps of Infantry, yet dare
Not come within the Fascination of
Their Eyes, nor meet the piercing Terrors of their
Frowns!

Wolfe. Discern you this for certain?
Mock me not I beg with vain delusive
Hopes in my last Moments.—

[*Officer, clapping his Hand to his Breast.*]

Upon my Honour, Sir,—I discern it well.

Wolfe. Now Fate retard thy Speed!
Oh Death inexorable! stop! stop thy Dart!

Already

Already level'd at my Breast! that my
Glad Soul may take its Flight, amidst the Shouts
Of my victorious Countrymen! [Groans.—

Officer. Now Front to Front they close, and Man
to Man

They stand, and urge the steely Arguments
Against each others Breasts! Pikes, Bayonets,
And Halberts meet, and clash together!
Others with batt'ring Firelocks clubb'd, engage,
And pound to Death their rough Opponents! and
All around the glitt'ring Deaths, in Show'rs of
Steel descend!

Wolfe. I'll lay me back,——and rest awhile,
Perhaps this cooling Tremor may wear off.

[Lays back against a Soldier, (sitting for that Purpose :) as he falls back groans, — and lies as dead.

Officer. The Gallic Standard backward seems to
move!

And in a Difarray their Colours seem!
Near their pale Flags our Blood red Ensigns wave!
And in Conjunction mortal, spread the Plain!
They still recede! and ours as swift advance!
Our Wings, and main Corps, boldly cross their Lines!
They've beaten down the Oriflamme of France!
And now they trample it in Gallic Gore!
And like a rapid Inundation, they
Mix promiscuous with the hostile Ranks,
Repelling th' impetuous Torrent of
The Foes, gorging voracious Death with whole
Platoons!——

Surely towards *Quebec* our Forces rush!
And all their vet'ran Thousands swift retreat!
Oh now they scatter!——now they flee full Speed!——
Victory!——Victory!——by Heav'ns they run!——

[A Shout of Victory, and Indians yelling.

Wolfe,

[Wolfe, raising himself in Haste.]

Who runs?—That Sound recall'd me into Life!—

Surely my fearless Britons do not run!—

Now I'm well!—bear me into the Battle!—

Amidst the greatest Rout there set me down!

My Soldiers will not leave me!—

The glorious Tumult of the War, has Charms

To stay my fitting Soul some short Moments!

And the bright Implements of Death shall give

New Day to my benighted Eyes, and light

Me where to snatch at Victory with my dying Grasp!

Officer. Your Fears are needless, Sir:

For in a total Rout the Foe is fled:

Your Soldiers chase them headlong to their Walls!

They kill! run down! and take at Pleasure! and

Never was a Victory more compleat!

Wolfe. My Glory's Race is run!—my Country's
serv'd!

Quebec is conquer'd!—Great George is Victor!—

I wish no more; and am compleatly satisfy'd.

[Dies.]

Scene changes to LONDON. SOPHRONIA'S House;

Enter SOPHRONIA, and a GENTLEMAN.

Gentleman. Madam there's a Report in Town,
Quebec

Is taken.

Sophronia. How comes the News?

I might expect to have heard as soon as

Any; Heav'n grant all is well.—

Gent. I hear there is an Express arriv'd to
His Majesty.

Soph. An Express arriv'd! [sighing] and is it
possible

My Son can have forgotten me!—my Heart

Forebodes all is not well with him.— [sighing]

know you

The

The Particulars? [*flutter'd*]

Gent. Madam, I could not obtain a Knowledge
Of them.

Soph. That was unkind indeed not to enquire;
The Friendship that has long Time subsisted
Between you, and all the fond Endearments
Of your Youth together, methinks shou'd have
Prompted you to gain a Recital from
The Messenger, of all concern'd my Son.
I shou'd have had a thousand fond Queries,
And dwelt with Rapture on his Bravery,
Lift'ning with Delight to the melodious
Tale of Honour.

[*Aside.*

Gent. Too much I know.

(whole

To her. I have enquir'd, but cou'd not get the
Intelligence.

[*Sophonra aside.*

His solemn Looks, like to black gath'ring Clouds
Preceding a Thunder-storm, seem to me
The dismal Harbingers, to warn me of
Th' approaching Storm of Grief!

To him. Learnt you any Thing, Sir? [*eagerly*]
Oh! tell me, tell me! [*sighing*]

Gent. I learnt your Son gave the *Frenchmen* Battle
Before *Quebec*, in which he sev'ral Wounds
Receiv'd, but still rush'd fearless onward to
The Goal of Glory, heaping new Honours
Upon those already gain'd, and at length
Obtain'd the hard disputed Victory:
The dubious Conflict ended, *Quebec* fell
To the Conquerors.

Soph. Alas! there's more to follow;—and I fear
This great Encomium on his Valour,
Is like an Opiate that's giv'n to a
Patient, to lull him to Repose; but when
The dormient Draught is evaporated,
And the gentle Slumber wears away, he
Awakes in Torments exquisite again,

For-

Forgetting the short Respite of his Woe.

Wounded you said!—and slain I fear — [weeping]
cou'd he

Not write to me?

Gent. His Wrist was broken, Madam.

Soph. He had a Tongue! — [sighing] His Secretary then

Could write.— [Aside.

He makes such vain Evasions, surely my

Son is lost.— [weeping]

To him. Will you go in and stay Dinner with us?

Let me know the worst, I beg Sir; — for this
Anxiety is insufferable! — [Exeunt.

Sophia sola, in Sophronia's Parlour.

Enter to her a Servant.

Madam, my Mistress will wait on you immediately. [Exit.

Sophia sola. A Gloom hangs on the Countenance
of all

I meet here, and with a fatal Presage
Fills my Soul.—Be still my Heart,—nor pine at
The Decrees of Fate: Now summon all thy
Resolution, to hear th' unwelcome Tale,
From whence to date the Æra of thy Grief.

Enter Sophronia.

Sophia. Madam, I took the Liberty to wait
On you, in Hopes of having the Pleasure
To wish you Joy of your good News from *Quebec.*

Soph. I'm oblig'd t' ye Madam, for this friendly
Visit,—but have no room to hope for Joy.

[*Sophia aside.*] Has she no room to hope for
Joy! — then what

Have I to fear! [sighing.]

To her. Pray, Madam, what Intelligence arriv'd?

Soph. I have not seen the Gentleman who brought
Th' Express, nor receiv'd a Letter, but I

Have

Have great Reason to guess by what I've heard,
 Cou'd the lofty sounding Name of Honour
 Give a mournful Parent any Joy, from
 The gallant Exploits of my Son, perhaps
 I might some Pleasure feel, and boast he fell
 A *British* Patriot.

Sophia. Is he then slain? — Ah me! —
 And was my Happiness so fleeting? —

Soph. If your Happiness, Madam, is center'd
 In my Son, fleeting it may be; for I
 Fear he is no more. [*weeps.*]

Sophia. Then farewell all the goodly Treasure of
 Felicity, which my fond Soul had in
 Expectation hoarded up. — Oh! how oft
 In Fancy had I been clasp'd within my
 Hero's Arms! and dwelt with vast Pleasure on
 His Tales of Danger; whilst my list'ning Ears
 Methought, were sweetly ravish'd with the loud
 Exulting Shouts of his glad Countrymen,
 And Friends, to welcome him victorious to
 His native Shore! — But now a sad Reverse
 Of Fortune threatens me. [*weeps.*]

Enter a Gentleman, addressing Sophronia.

Madam, here's a Gentleman Officer
 Without, from *Quebec*, desires to speak with you.

Soph. Be pleas'd, Sir, to introduce him.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

A Palpitation seizes on my Heart!
 A cold Tremor runs thro' ev'ry Vein; the
 Direful Agitation both of Soul and
 Body, borders on a fond Delirium.
 Oh, what tender Anguish! what racking Woes
 Untpeakable, careful tim'rous Mothers
 Feel for their dear Offspring! Children of their
 Youth; and sweet Pledges of connubial Love!

Enter Officer, and the Gentleman.

Officer to Sophronia. [bowing, and looking serious]
Madam, I am from *Quebec*.

Soph. So I learn, Sir,—Is all well there? [*eagerly*]

Officer. [aside.] She must know it.

To her. Madam, your Son is Conq'ror; he has
gain'd

Universal Love, Esteem, and never
Dying Fame!

Sophia. [aside.] That welcome Sound wou'd al-
most lift my Soul

To Heav'n, did not his gloomy Countenance
Fill it with dubious Fears, and clog its Flight.

Soph. But does he live?—Shall I again in these
Fond Arms infold the Staff of my Age; and
To my Bosom press the Darling of my
Soul; bedew his manly Cheeks with Tears of
Joy; and listen with a Parent's Pleasure,
Whilst he recounts his Wounds, his Dangers, and
His Battles?—But oh! I fear such Joy is
Not in Store for me.—[*weeps*]

Sophia. [aside, weeping.] My sad Soul can sym-
pathize with her's in
Silent Sorrow.

Gent. I've this to add, before the Battle clos'd,
Your Son was wounded in the Breast, and
Carried from the Line.

Soph. [weeping.] Too true my Fears are come to
pass:—Go on,
Sir; for I'm prepar'd to hear the worst.

Sophia. [aside, weeping.] My throbbing Heart
anticipates his Tale.

Officer. The Wound he then receiv'd was dan-
gerous,
And your Son is ———

Soph. [hastily.] Oh, say not he is dead! —

Officer.

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Officer. Madam, he is,—and Nations mourn his Fall.

[*Sophronia faints, and falls into the Arms of the Gentleman, who sets her in a Chair, plac'd there for that Purpose. Sophia stands seemingly regardless of the whole, and lost in dumb Sorrow.*]
Gent. Who waits there!

[*Enter a Woman Servant to assist.*

Soph. [recovering after a short Time.] Cruel Generosity! —

Oh! Why by your officious Care have you Awaken'd me from the sweet Delusion?
 My Soul was on the Wing into the World
 Of Spirits blest, to meet, and hold in an
 Eternal Clasp, his much lov'd filial Shade.

Sophia. The Ball which took his Life, consign'd
 my Heart

To Woe.

Officer to Sophia. To say you shou'd not grieve
 for such a Loss,

Wou'd be to change all Nature's Order.

To Sophronia. Not to sympathize with you, Ma-
 dam, wou'd

Indicate a most unfeeling Soul: — Your
 Son was all a fond Mother cou'd desire,
 Or a tender Virgin wish: — Yet in the
 Dying Victor's Fall, there's Consolation.
 Beyond the common Rank of Men his Name
 Shall live, and in *Britannia's* Patriot
 List, shall shine with a superior Blaze: He
 Nobly fell! — And as he for his Country
 Fell, he left you full of honourable
 Grief, array'd with solemn Dignity of
 Glorious Woe.

[*Turning to the Audience.*]

Shou'd France again Europe in Broils engage,
 And dare to reuze the dormant Lion's Rage;

Methinks

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Methinks I see your Souls around me glow
With Flame indignant, 'gainst th' insidious Foe!
Like Sons of Freedom to maintain your Cause,
Nobly to save Wives, Children, Lands and Laws.
To Glory's Goal what *Briton* wou'd not fly!
To fall like *Wolfe*, who wou'd not wish to die!
Who wou'd not fight the Treaty-breaking *Gaul*!
When *George*, and Liberty, and martial Honour
call!

F I N I S.

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